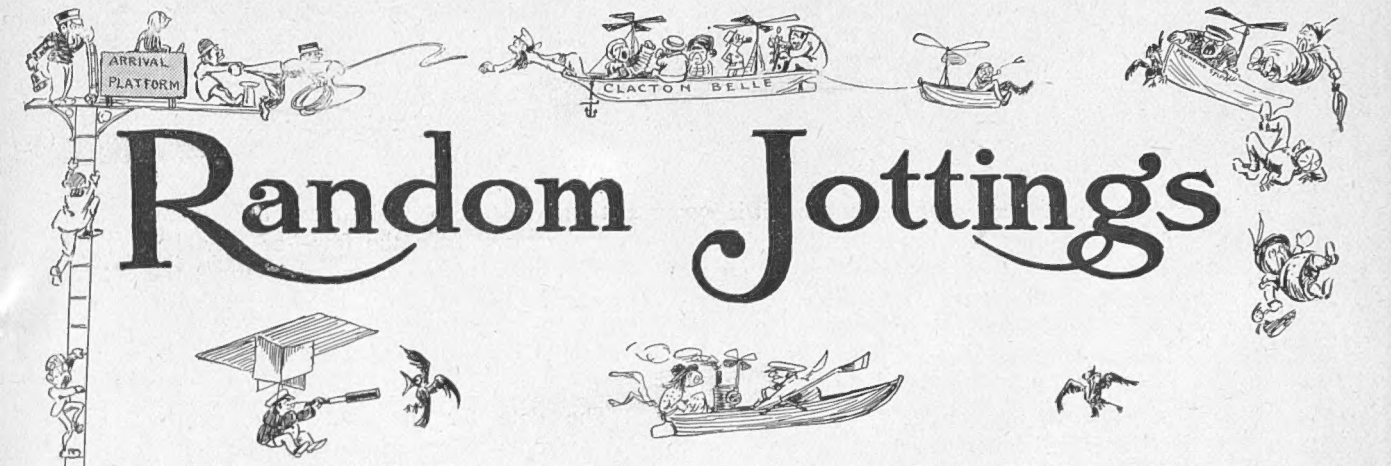


Random Jottings

This number of THE BYSTANDER is, as some of our more subtle readers may have inferred, our Christmas Number. It is also our Birthday Number. This is a happy coincidence. It enables us to be festive in two phases—to be pleased with ourselves in two keys. When we are not declaiming sonorously our wishes for a Merry Christmas for our readers at home and abroad we are muttering modestly "Many happy returns"—to ourselves. "Returns" *of* ourselves, in the publishing sense of the word, have practically become, thanks to the exceeding good taste of the British public, a thing of the past, and in so far as a Christmas Number is concerned, are, I am glad to say, unknown. "Sold out" has been the picturesque fate of each of our two previous essays in this direction, and will, I confidently forecast, be the fate of the issue now before you.

* * *

We are conscious of a shimmering sensation of pride when we announce that this is our third birthday—that we are positively *three*!—for is that not the age at which we should, above all ages, daze and dazzle and delight the British public—the age of the most popular Royalty of recent years, little Prince Olaf? What more could a paper want than to be able to point to itself as the Prince Olaf of illustrated journalism? In many ways, THE BYSTANDER'S success at the age of three is due to its Olaf-like qualities. Seen on a bookstall, side by side with its large and staid sixpenny contemporaries, it infallibly invites the purchaser to take hold of it and fondle it. And if the fondler, on opening it and hearing it talk, should be rather startled at the precocity of its prattle, and the somewhat *blasé* nature of its babyese—well, after all, that is characteristic of the modern baby of three, and we are, we hope, of all things modern.

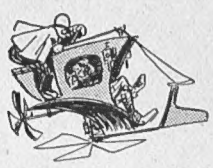
Heard in the smoking-room at Westminster
First M.P.: "Is your wife entertaining this winter?"
Second M.P.: "Not very"

Seeing that it *is* Christmas, and that this *is* our third birthday, naturally we feel that something special ought to have been done to mark the event. Other papers would have done something; we ought to do something. We might, for instance, have commemorated the event by joining in the great aërial competition (as prize givers, of course), and offering, in addition to the £13,500 collected by our contemporaries, to present, gratis, to the entering aeroplanists, bound volumes of THE BYSTANDER, to be read, or used as ballast, according to taste and temper. Or, again, could we not have got some distinguished ex-convict to write us a poem, or make us a joke; or perhaps Mr. Shaw would have drawn us up a new and revised set of the Ten Commandments. We might have started an overskies edition of THE BYSTANDER, or have issued a special "balmy" number for the exclusive use of lunatics—with a four-page supplement for idiots and imbeciles. We might have had the issue written up *entirely* by duchesses, raised the price to a sovereign, and confined its sale only to wearers of crowns and coronets.

* * *

The child is so popular nowadays, and so much is being done to adapt journalism to the childish taste and temperament, that we might have made this number of THE BYSTANDER a nursery extra, printed on rags, untearable and indestructible, and in colours that a child could suck, let alone read, without injuring its health or complexion. We could, in short, have devised all sorts of remarkable schemes, but modesty forbade. We thought it better just to be ourselves this Christmas and Birthday number—or as near that beautiful ideal as it is possible for us to get—though just twice our usual size, at only once our usual price.

The "Little Creatures" from Elfdom, whose adventures in Newspaper Land adorned our last Christmas Number, were so anxious to contribute again this year that they visited the Editor personally during a recent nightmare. The topics of the day upon which they then aired their opinions are recorded round the margins of this and the following pages.



In my exuberance at the fact that it is *our* birthday, I must not forget that it is also the birthday—or thereabouts—of some other notable institutions. The Liberal Government, for instance, is one—and its age is one. It is just a year since the Premier formed his "Ministry of the Hansom Cab," since there was that "Fog in Belgrave Square" which enabled the halfpenny papers to make so merry. I take the opportunity of wishing it many happy——of wishing it, any way, whatever it is permissible for a strictly non-party, undenominational journal like ourselves to wish it.

* * *

Somehow, it doesn't seem a year ago to me. Things seem to have altered but little. To-day there is, as this day last year, a fog, and to-day there are, as this day last year—the Suffragettes.

* * *

And, by the way, while on the subject of birthday congratulations, is it not now just about a year since they attained the dignity of being entitled "ettes"? Just a year since their first famous demonstration in the Albert Hall, when a startled Premier and a startled audience realised the presence, in a distant gallery, of a lady with a voice of ice, a banner with a strange device—

VOTES FOR WOMEN!

Let me hasten to wish *them* also many happy returns from the fray—or anything else that will keep them away from the very breakable windows of this particular sanctum.

The date for the appearance, at the Hippodrome, of specimens of the newly discovered Arctic nomads from Prince Albert Land is not yet definitely fixed.

* * *

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, following up his facetious remarks the other day on the Ten Commandments, positively convulsed his audience on the subject of the "Religions of the Empire."

* * *

We believe that the last Patti Concert in London, which took place on Saturday last, was positively the last last Patti Concert—for the present, at any rate.

* * *

To say of Signor Caruso, as did the *Telegraph* the other day, that "his voice has suffered by his recent exposure," was not, perhaps, the happiest way of putting it.

* * *

Attempts to bamboozle various people by the use of spurious uniforms continue all over Europe, and the feeling that obtains in military and naval centres is practically one of—Koe-panic.

(Note: A motor-car has just passed)

THE DRIVER (*to nervous London friend*): "Upset her a bit, eh? Say, old chap, you might get down quick and pull the rein from under her tail—but keep clear of her hind legs, or she'll kick you to Jericho"

(DRAWN BY FREDERIC WHITING)

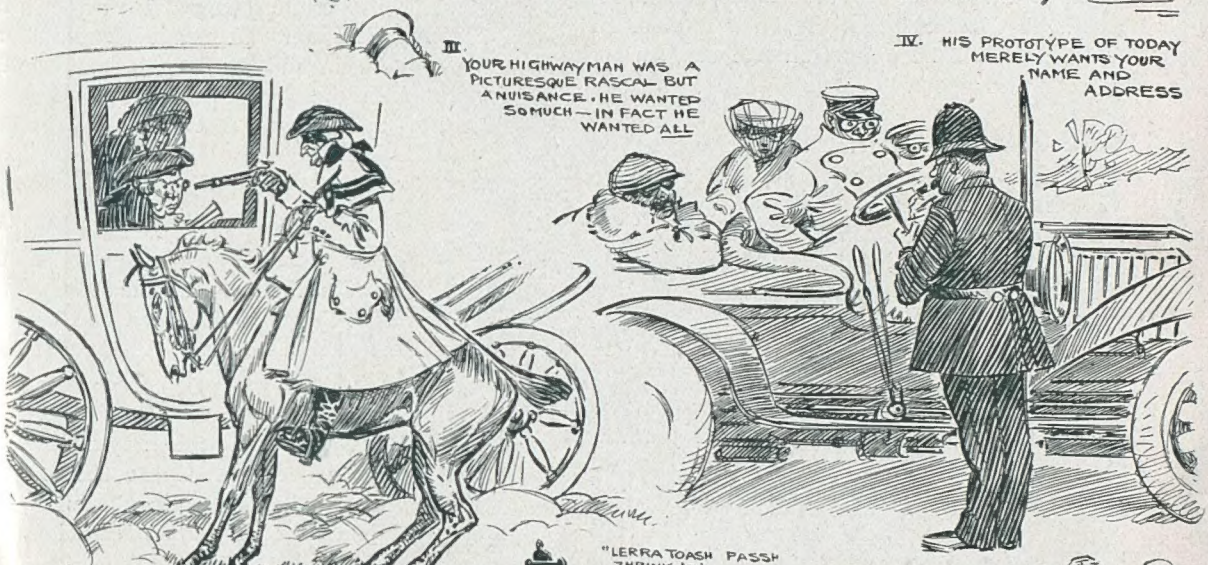
The Topictator

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES" AND THE PRESENT A COMPARISON.

I. THEN THEY TRAVELLED BY COACH THROUGH THE SNOW, GOT STUCK IN A DRIFT AND MISSED THEIR DINNER

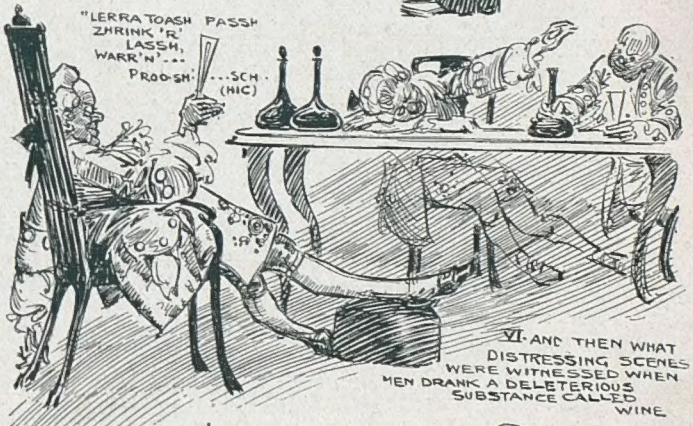
II. NOW THEY WHIRL THROUGH THE RAIN AND MUD IN A MOTOR AND ARRIVE IN PLENTY OF TIME.

("DON'T MOTOR CARS EVER BREAK DOWN?" "DON'T ARGUE!")



III. YOUR HIGHWAYMAN WAS A PICTURESQUE RASCAL BUT A NUISANCE. HE WANTED SO MUCH—IN FACT HE WANTED ALL

IV. HIS PROTOTYPE OF TODAY MERELY WANTS YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS



VI. AND THEN WHAT DISTRESSING SCENES WERE WITNESSED WHEN MEN DRANK A DELETERIOUS SUBSTANCE CALLED WINE.

V IN THE MATTER OF DRESS IF WE LOOK A TRIFLE INSIGNIFICANT BESIDE OUR GORGEOUS FOREFATHERS WE ARE—WE MUST BE—INFINITELY MORE COMFORTABLE

VII. THERE IS NO AFTERMATH OF HEADACHE IN A GLASS OF HOT WATER AND A DIGESTIVE TABLOID

FRANK GILLETT

A speaker at the National Liberal Federation meeting described the House of Lords as "impossible in the twentieth century." From the amount of trouble and annoyance it seems to be causing many good people just now, we should think it was extremely possible—quite probable, in fact.

* * * *

The unfounded rumour that a distinguished man is to succeed Sir Mortimer Durand as Ambassador to the United States causes much annoyance at the Foreign Office.

The Very Newest Journalism

THE ALBEMARLE MAGAZINE. THE ALBEMARLE MAGAZINE.

Messrs. Lorrimers, of Piccadilly, beg to announce that they will present to the public, on Monday next, the first impression of their new Journal. The "Albemarle" will be printed on fine art paper and illustrated throughout.

Politics	Art	Physics
Science	Drama	Syntax
Fiction	Literature	Prosody

Six editors have been engaged, namely:—

G. Bernard Shaw, Winston Churchill, Mark Twain, W. T. Stead, Lord Northcliffe, and Edna May.

Piccadilly, *January*, 1907. Price two shillings and sixpence net.

* * *

THE ALBEMARLE MAGAZINE.

In consequence of the enormous success attending the publication of the above-mentioned Journal, on and after April 1 the price will be

REDUCED TO SIXPENCE.

Many fresh features will be added in the shape of an extremely new departure of twenty extra pages devoted entirely to

WOMEN AT HOME—AND ELSEWHERE.

Eight pages printed in coloured chocolates for the children.

Ten thousand boxes of bricks and five thousand dolls *à la Hollandaise* in prizes for the best essays on "The Trend of Modern Socialism" by children under the age of seven years. For further particulars, contents bills, mouth-organs, etc., apply to the publishers:

Slick and Co., Ltd., 904, Fleet Street, E.C.

* * *

Startling New Departure in Modern Fiction.

THE NEW ALBEMARLE. ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

Recent developments in printing and paper-making have rendered it possible to produce

A Half-Crown Magazine for One Penny!

Touting	Staginess	Modern Finance
Libels	Suggestiveness	Gossip
Personalities	Slang	Scandal

Our staff is as brilliant as it is anonymous. Order at once, for on and after January 1 next, when the new Aliens Act comes into operation, both editor and staff will be elsewhere. See the two atrocious libels on the front, each of which are worth all the money. An offer of £10,000 to suppress our first issue of a million copies was contemptuously

REFUSED!

Messrs. Ikeystein, Slopervitch and Co., Greek Street, Soho.

* * *

"And there being no opposition from creditors, the usual order for the winding-up of the company was made, the estate being left in the hands of the Official Receiver. It was understood that the debtors, Ikeystein and Slopervitch, had placed themselves outside the jurisdiction of the Court. The plant has been disposed of to the Co-operative Press, Ltd."

* * *

CHUNKS! CHUNKS!! CHUNKS!!

The Co-operative Press's Latest Sensation.

Revival of the New Albemarle Magazine.

A Half-Crown Journal for One Farthing!

Read "The Errand Boy's Revenge"! Grand New Serial.

Errand boys, messengers, telegraph boys, and others, will be engrossed by this truly immense story. It will delay the beef and deplete the nursery milk in the morning. Will cure chauffeurs of furious driving. It is a panacea against sea-sickness of all kinds.

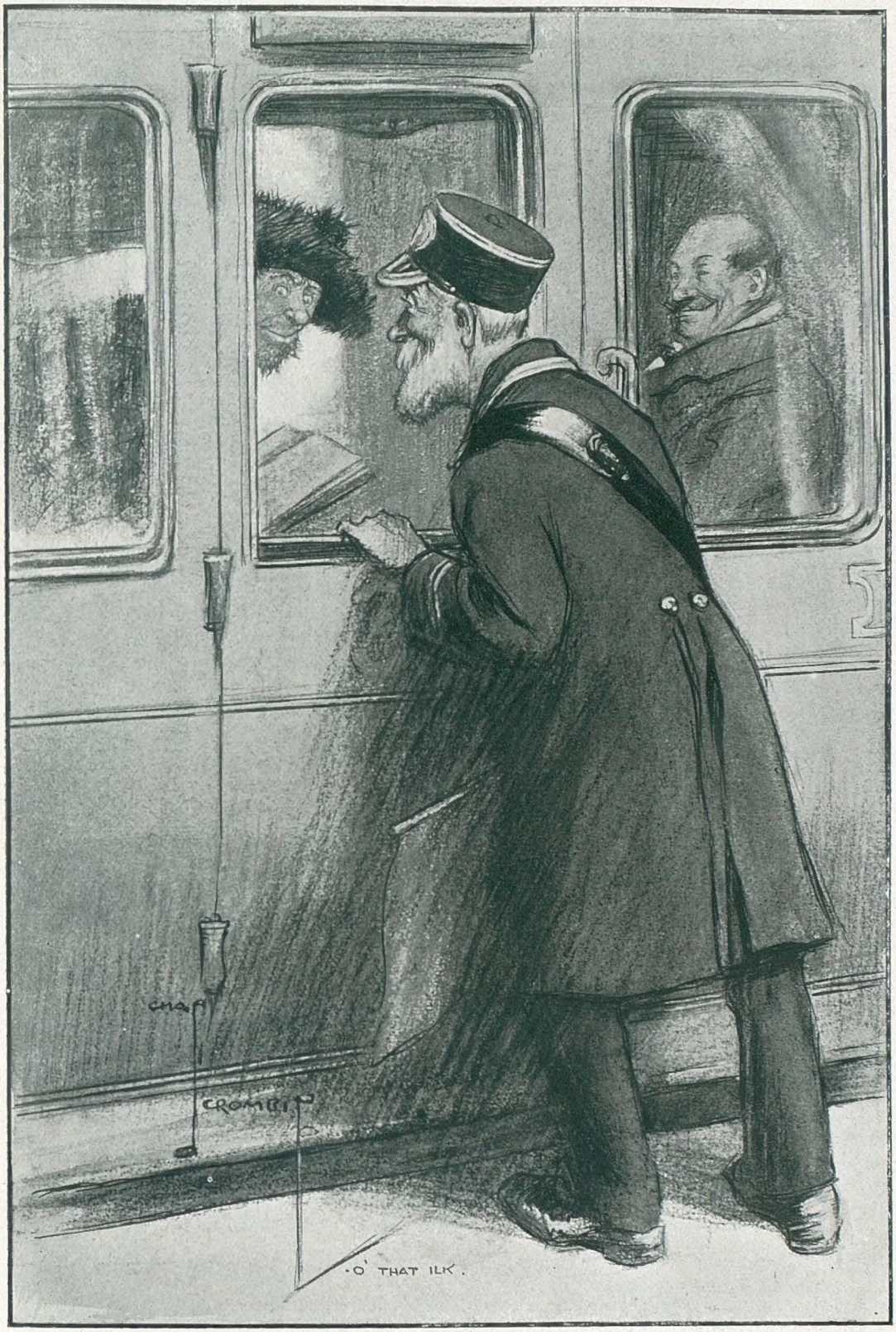
The proprietors having bought three theatres and the Crystal Palace, all yearly subscribers are entitled to

FREE ADMISSION!

to the above places of amusement. Subscription (for one year):—

1/1 gives you "Chunks" for a year.
1/1 " " A nightly choice of three theatres.
1/1 " " Nightly supper at the Carlton.
7½*d.* (half a year's Subscription) entitles you to—
Pit Stalls, cold meat supper, with small Bass.
1/4 a week gives you
Gallery ticket with "sausage and mashes."

F. M. W.



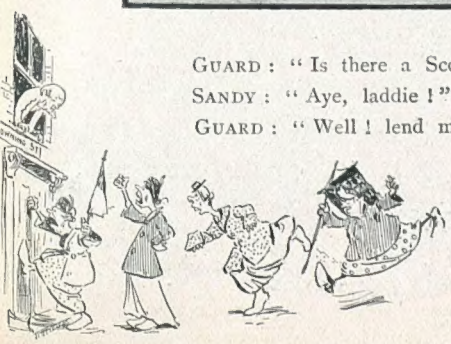
Christmas Eve on a Northern Express

GUARD: "Is there a Scotchman in this carriage?"

SANDY: "Aye, laddie!"

GUARD: "Well! lend me your corkscrew a minute for the gentleman in the next compartment"

DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE (O' THAT ILK)



Christmas in 1916

What will Christmas be, say, five or ten years hence if the dream of the *Daily Mail* comes true? Shall I be able to dine at the Carlton on Christmas Eve, enjoy my turkey and plum-pudding (and those awful pipers!) with my friend the laird next day at Tobersnorey in Ultima Thule, and be back in London on my trusty airship in time for the children's party on Boxing Day? It is quite within the range of possibility, but by the way, I fear that kilts will scarcely be *de rigueur* in those days. The thought suggests the inquiry: what will be the proper costume for *aviators* and *aviateuses* when aeroplanes are an accomplished fact? Will the festive aeroplanist deck himself out in the shaggy bearskin and leather leggings of the motorist of to-day? Or will he

> Wear kilts, and tho' men look askance,
> Go out and give his knees a chance.

And as for the *aviateuses*, bless their dear hearts, talking of chances, here, in good sooth, they have it!

* * *

A PERSIAN CHRISTMAS

(*Some hitherto undiscovered verses of Omar Khayyam*)

Oh, come with old Khayyam and do not fear
To eat and drink the good old Christmas Cheer.
One thing is certain and the Rest is Lies;
That Christmas Day comes only once a Year.

Yes, fill the Cup—what boots it to relate
That on the Morrow Gout may be your Fate?
Drink to the Christmas Toast, for Gout may be
Cured with a Dose of good Salicylate!

I sometimes think that never glows so bright
The Fire as when the Yule-Log is alight;
That ne'er a Company so joyous lives
As that which gathers round on Christmas night.

Then with a good Cigar between the Lips,
The finest Mocha and *Shahtrérz in Sips,
We sit around the Firelight's cheerful glow
And one another's Ghostly Tales eclipse.

But of the Christmas Customs that I know—
The Cup, the Tree, the Carol soft and low—
'Tis not to these that Mem'ry most doth cling;
The sweetest Custom is the Mistletoe.

A Lovely Maiden underneath the Bough,
A Stolen Kiss on Lips and Cheek and Brow—
And then the Kiss returned in shy Assent—
Ah, Christmastide were Pa adise enow!

Translated by M. R.

*Apparently a Persian liqueur.

ROUND THE TOWN

Provincial Americans at the Waldorf

Almost the only absurd thing connected with the American Press which I can recall is that old *canard* about the American Companies being unpopular here. If it were not always a bore to remember the part, I could go back three, and even four, years to prove how charmed we have been with the players from the States. London is far too prone to praise the exotic at the expense of the indigenous. A form of inverted vanity, no doubt, but still, there it is.

* * *

A Goodly Company

About fifty American ladies and gentlemen form the party that presents *Julie Bon-Bon*—a name which was used for the heroine in *The Gay Parisienne*. Miss Clara Lipman, the author, plays the lead with great enthusiasm, immense force, and some lack of

ISAACSTEIN: "But what is the use for me to make probosals? You turn up your nose at everyding I say"

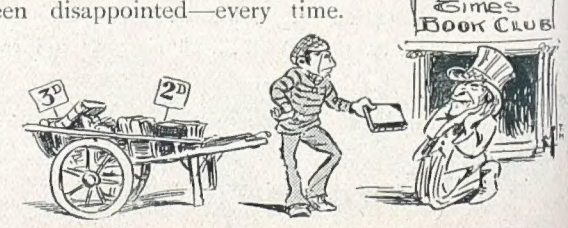
(DRAWN BY H. J. L. BOOTH)

taste. Mr. Louis Mann has an enormous part also. As Julie's father, Poujol, he has all the vices and tricks of all the naughty stage fathers of all little, virtuous French milliners; but he adds to these comedy types a touch of the tramp, a vehement animalism which is not without its effect, although, like everything else in the play, it appears out of the picture. The other forty-eight people each have more or less of a part and do their best. The result is that when Julie or Poujol are not giving their "turns" the stage is in noise and confusion and damp fireworks.

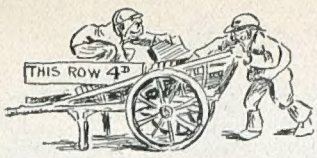
* * *

Playmaking

The author appears to have called upon every play that ever was written for the points of her effort, and then to have jumbled broad farce with the sentiment and drama of Dumas, and the banal humours of the music-hall with the vital emotions of the strenuous life. In regard to the verbal wit, she seems to have relied on herself, and been disappointed—every time.



TIMES BOOK CLUB



Behind the scenes of the Opera in Paris (period 1833). The Ballet Master (Mr. Fred Farren) boasts to the assembled dandies of the success of the forthcoming ballet "Azalea," especially of the *première danseuse* Florita

But Florita, the *première danseuse* (Miss E. Collier), like the young ladies of a later period, is piqued by something, and throws up part, much to the dismay of the Master

Photos *Dover Street Studios*

But *ohé!* All is not lost—suddenly appears from the country, Delphine (Mlle. Genée) in poke-bonnet and long skirt, who, though a *débutante*, dances with such abandon and grace that she is chosen for Florita's part, and dances the ballet to triumph

SCENES IN THE NEW EMPIRE BALLET: "THE DÉBUTANTE"

The result of evidently painful and laborious endeavour is a *mélange* of rubbish which cannot hope to please the London public, although a good many people connected with the stage would do well to see this lesson in the things that are least excellent.

* * *

Pity 'Tis, 'Tis False

On the first night Americans crowded the theatre, and appreciated the whole thing very heartily. But surely they would be ashamed of the Britisher if he accepted so much ineptitude as the fine flower of Yankee smartness. This sort of thing is some sort of insult to the London public, however you look at it. If we applaud—as out of courtesy and love of America we should like to do—the Americans must laugh us to scorn; if praise with faint damns we are told *Julie Bon-bon* has run in America for I don't know how long, and that we don't understand the charms of true wit and the refinement of emotional acting. As a matter of fact, we should have been delighted to welcome a company of American comedians — such as Daly once brought to us. Our stage needs such a tonic; but these simple, hardworking provincial people have nothing to give us, and all I can offer them is pity and regret.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

A coming County Councillor?

Mr. George Alexander, having *His House in Order* at the St. James's Theatre, is seeking election to the County Council, presumably to put that body in order

* * *

The Power of the Empire

There is only one sad thing about Mlle. Adeline Genée's completely successful performance in M. Wilhelm's new ballet, *The Débutante*, at the Empire, and that is the difficulty in which this *première danseuse* places the man who has been writing about her various performances for the last few years. In each new ballet Genée invents, or is inspired with, fresh graces and powers, and the writing person who wants to tell her charm to the world finds he has lavished every possible praise upon her already, and can only say—"Go and see her." This is a poor return for her delightful performance, but it is my own and only one.—BYSTANDER.

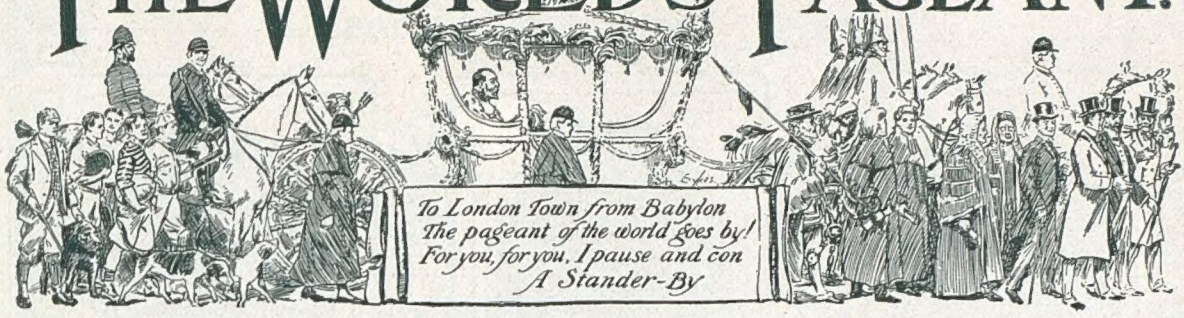
RACING NOTES.—Readers will be glad to note that "CARBINE," whose forecasts of winners have been so brilliantly successful, will continue to write during the Steeplechasing season.—EDITOR.

Photo *Bolak*

The Bazaar Season: A royal participant

The Charity Bazaar Season is now in full swing. The above photograph shows H.R.H. Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein being sketched at a bazaar held in aid of the Ladies' International Club at the Hyde Park Hotel recently

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT.



The Christmastide Visits of Royalty

One of the chief features of the country house-party season, now at its height, is the entertainment of Royalty. The Queen, owing to her only lately doffed mourning, the illness of the Princess Royal, and the visit of the Queen of Norway, has, so far, not been able to accompany the King to any of the houses which he has this autumn honoured with his presence; but it is hoped at Welbeck, and also at Chatsworth, that her Majesty will shortly visit both. Last week, only a small party had been invited to meet his Majesty at Castle Rising, Lord and Lady Farquhar's Norfolk seat. Lord Farquhar is one of the King's oldest and most intimate friends, and he is also Master of the Royal Household. He is the son of the late Sir Walter Townsend Farquhar, and succeeded to a partnership in the firm of Herries and Farquhar, now incorporated in Lloyd's Bank. Made a baronet in 1892, he was six years later raised to the peerage. Both Lord and Lady Farquhar are most artistic and musical, and, at their house in Grosvenor Square, they possess a magnificent collection of antique furniture, including some very fine pieces culled from the French *salons* of the eighteenth century. Lady Farquhar, by the way, is said to drive the finest horses, keep the best servants, and to give the most splendid dinners in London.

Photo *H. Walter Barnett*

The Duchess of Norfolk

Who, with the Duke and her little daughter, will be spending a quiet Christmas at Arundel

* * *

At Hall Barn

The next house on the King's visiting list is Hall Barn, Lord Burnham's house near Beaconsfield. The preserves there, I am told, are this year quite excellent, and the house alone is interesting enough to merit a visit. Once the home of Edmund Waller, it was here he wrote many of his poems, and here, too, the immortal Milton, in the famous laurel-screened grotto, wrote some part of "Paradise Lost." Burke, while living at Butler's Court near by, was a frequent visitor at Hall Barn, and amongst the many relics of the politician which are preserved there is a dagger which he dashed to the ground in the course of a heated debate in the House of Commons. It is probable, in spite of the excellence of the preserves, that the King will not devote the whole of his visit to the birds. In the vicinity of Hall Barn are the residences of many people well known to the King, and it is expected that he will, in the course of his stay in Buckinghamshire, do a good deal of motoring and visiting.

* * *

At "Royal" Brighton

It is the fashion, I am quite aware, to speak, in these days of fast motors and faster people, almost slightingly of that "Georgian Invention," which is Brighton-by-the-Sea. The slight, I suppose, is incurred by the fact that the famous seaside town is so short a distance from London. But, personally, as I have before remarked, I find Brighton, with its blue sky and its brilliant sunshine, its entire get-at-ableness and its gay hotels, quite a pleasant place in which now and again to avoid the suicidal possibilities of a Sunday in Town. As a place to spend Christmas—well, I was there once, and the sun shone all the time. A pleasurable anticipation was the most noticeable feature of the town when I was down there a week ago. A rumour grows and grows that the Queen may make a stay there as the guest of her eldest daughter, the Princess Royal, in Chichester Terrace, and Brighton,

Hats—With Variations

The Duke of Roxburghe

The Hon. J. Ward

Count Albert Mensdorff
The Austro-Hungarian Ambassador

MODERN COUNTRY-HOUSE HEADGEAR (ROYAL AND OTHERWISE)

His Majesty The King
Who has been lately staying at West Dean Park with Mr. and Mrs. Willie James

WORN AT WEST DEAN DURING THE KING'S LATE VISIT

Major Holford

Sir Ernest Cassel

The Hon. H. Stonor

Photos *Knights-Whittome*

Brighton Expects a Royal Visit

which cannot, for the life of it, forget the erstwhile greatness of its Georgian career, is enchanted at the prospect.

* * *

Some Brighton Residents

Brighton, however, though it may be termed "Royal" no longer, is still the home of many well-known people. Lily, Duchess of Marlborough finds the air of the greatest benefit to her little son, the "Bill Beresford" of to-day, and she invariably spends her winters there. In Chichester Terrace, the Marquis of Abergavenny has a house, where, in the days when the Brighton Races were fashionable, much entertaining took place; his son, Lord George Nevill, lives in Palmeira Square; Mr. and Lady Aline Beaumont are often at their house in Hove; and Mr. Monty Guest, Lord Wimborne's brother, and librarian to the Squadron Yacht Club at Cowes, has his headquarters at Brighton. The Jewish element, of course, is much to the fore there. Sir Edward and Lady Sassoon, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, and Mr. David Sassoon, all have big houses there, and all, it goes without saying, are of that uninspiring architecture which was the fashion when George the Fourth was King.

Photo *Hawkins*

Where the Queen may stay

The Princess Royal's house in Chichester Terrace, Brighton, where it is rumoured the Queen will pay her daughter a visit shortly

* * *

Christmas at Arundel

Christmas at Arundel, the home of the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, is about as far removed from the fashionable jumble of bridge, birds, and baccarat, which is the rule in most country houses, as the proverbial chalk from cheese. At Arundel, the Duchess, to whom, by the way, I am indebted for the portrait which I publish in this number, devotes the festive season, first, to that most important person, the baby daughter of the house, little Lady Rachel Fitzalan-Howard, and, second, to the Christmas celebrations of the people of Arundel. A great feature is made of the entertainment given by the boys and girls of St. Philip's Schools. They give their shows separately, the girls being trained by the nuns and the boys by the priests, and Father MacColl (I believe, but I am not quite sure, if that is how he spells his name), the Duke's chaplain, takes the keenest interest in both performances. At these, perhaps in consideration of the Duke's well-known liking for the theatre, footlights, make-up, costumes, and the whole paraphernalia of the theatre is, in so far as it is possible, called into requisition. Talking of priests, it is rather interesting to note that the three "perfectly delightful" (to quote an Arundel correspondent) priests who minister to the spiritual needs of the Duke and Duchess and their people have a very modern belief in the value of amusement. Weekly dances are held under their ægis in the Drill Hall, near the Park Gates, and at these one of the priests, generally, I believe, Father Burt, invariably distinguishes himself as M.C.

Photo *Ralph*

King Haakon's English Seat: Appleton House, Sandringham

After the round of civic and public functions, the King and Queen of Norway—and of course Prince Olaf—have gone for a quiet holiday to Appleton House, their residence on the outskirts of Sandringham. This house was formerly a farmhouse, and the King, when Prince of Wales, adapted it for one of his Equerries

Two New Peers

Photo *Lafayette*

The New Viscount Hampden

(Late the Hon. Thomas Brand), who, as Major in the 10th Hussars, saw service in South Africa. He is the grandson of the famous Speaker Brand

Photo *Kissack*

The New Lord Congleton

A seventeen-year-old Etonian, who has just succeeded to the title

The Simple Duke

Like her mother, Lady Herries, and like her father, who is only a few years older than her husband, the gentle, charitable Duchess of Norfolk entertains very little, her preference being to live that simple, rather retired life which is the most salient characteristic of the noble Catholic families of England. Of the Duke of Norfolk, of his love of talking, his simple manners, his careless dress, his income of some three thousand per diem, and his intense religious zeal, much has been said and written. One of the kindest-hearted men in existence, he is also the least ceremonious. A little while ago, two ladies, old friends of the Duke, but not very well provided with this world's goods, were staying in Arundel, in rooms in the High Street. The Duke, hearing of their advent, came at once to call on them, and invited them up to the Castle to dinner. They protested, on the score that they had nothing with them suitable to wear, but he over-ruled their scruples with his "Oh, never mind about that. I'll tell my wife to pin up her tail." In old-world Arundel, by the way, the maiden sisters of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, both devout Catholics, quite often make decorous holiday.

* * *

Norway in England

Appleton House, where the King and Queen of Norway are installed, is even less pretentious, if possible, than York Cottage. Standing on the outskirts of the Sandringham estate, near Flitcham and Hillington, it was originally a farmhouse, but when the King, then Prince of Wales, bought Sandringham, he adapted it as a residence for one of his Equerries. For some time General Sir Stanley Clarke lived there, but on the marriage of Princess Maud to Prince Charles of Denmark, the house was still further enlarged and improved, though even now it is anything but extensive. Within its walls nothing but the simple life is possible; but then, that is the life the Queen of Norway loves and desires above all other things; and as the King, her father, has placed it at Her Majesty's disposal for just so long as she cares to have it, it is more than probable that few of her holidays will be spent anywhere but at Appleton. King Haakon, as a Norwegian from Christiania remarked to me the other day, would be happy and popular anywhere. In his own country he is simply worshipped by his people, who, in regard to their Queen, desire nothing so much as that she should come out of her shell and let them learn to know her. It is strange, as I have before remarked, how heavily on some shoulders lies the cloak of royalty. An officer on the *Renown*, who has seen a great deal of Her Majesty of Norway, *en petit comité*, is for ever insisting to me on Queen Maud's high spirits and great happiness in private life. "Awfully jolly," in fact, is the way he describes her. As a Queen, however, as we all know, though very charming, she also is very shy and reserved.

Photo *Russell*

Capt. A. A. C. Galloway, R.N.

Just made new Naval Aide-de-Camp to the King

* * *

"Worn to a Shadow"

"Enthusiasm," says Mr. George Meredith in one of his books, "is a heaven-sent steeplechase . . . . it is more intrusive than chivalry, and has a passion to communicate its ardour." No surprise is expressed, therefore, at the news that for the visit of Princess Henry of Battenberg and her son to West Dean Park, Mrs. Willie James, that most ardent enthusiast where matters theatrical are concerned, has arranged quite an elaborate programme. Miss Rosamund Tufton, who is Lord and Lady Hothfield's daughter, and who is a very accomplished amateur actress, has been getting up, with the help of Mr. Frederick Baring, some theatricals and a musical comedy composed by Don Pedro Zuluetta. It sounds rather aspiring—a play and an opera—but, as I say, when amateur theatricals are in the air, Mrs. Willie James is possessed of an indomitable energy and an enthusiasm which, I am told, expects, nay, demands, that other less strenuous souls should at any rate share, if not equal, her ardour. "Worn to a shadow," in fact, is the most popular description of a guest's

To the Public Danger!

Scene on the road from London to Manchester any time within the next ten years

Thanks to the encouragement given by the daily Press to the prospects of air-racing in the near future, Scotland Yard is already preparing an elaborate scheme of police traps on the various public sky-ways

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD

Europe's Oldest Royal Family

condition after the intense mental and physical efforts demanded at a West Dean rehearsal.

* * *

The Visits of the Heir-Apparent

The horrors of a wet day in a country house are, as a rule, quite easily overcome in these days of bridge and baccarat. At a recent Royal house-party, honoured by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, however, neither of these alleviations being in Royal favour, an entirely new form of amusement was discovered. Boredom threatened, and host, hostess, and guests grew nervous. At last, one braver than the rest said boldly, "Let's make toffee!" and toffee accordingly they made. The Prince was provided with his little saucepan and the Princess was provided with her little saucepan, and in this way a merry hour was passed. So thoroughly, in fact, was the new game appreciated that the afternoon's proceedings were voted the success of the visit, and I understand that future Royal hostesses are laying in quite a large stock of saucepans against a rainy day.

* * *

The Education of Princes

The announcement that it has been decided by the King and the Prince and Princess of Wales to send both Prince Edward and Prince Albert of York to the Royal Naval School at Osborne in April next reminds one of the fact that the reigning Sovereign has absolute control over the mode of education and style and place of living of all the members of the Royal family. Nothing of this nature can be decided without the Sovereign's consent and approval, and though, in this case, as is well known, complete accord exists between father and son, the subject of the education of Royal children has, in other reigns, often proved ground for controversy. It is said that Prince Edward has about him just that touch of Royal impatience which distinguishes his Imperial connection, the Kaiser. Not so very long ago, when still quite a small boy, Prince Edward, like all the other little Wales children, had his own particular piece of garden in the grounds of York Cottage. He was in the habit of being slightly contemptuous on the subject of his little sister's garden, but Princess Mary, with feminine perception, was not long in evolving from her inner consciousness a retort which never failed to crush and sometimes to infuriate her brother. "Have you been looking at the roots lately?" she would ask, in sarcastic reference to His Royal Highness's propensity for endeavouring to alleviate the boredom of awaiting floral results by digging up his plants to see how things were getting on below.

Photo *Dittmer*

Princess Hermione of Reuss

Sister of the reigning Prince Henry XXIV. of Reuss, whose engagement is just announced

Lord Congleton

The new Lord Congleton is just seventeen years of age, and is at present in Mr. Somerville's house at Eton. Several papers, on the death of his father, the fourth baron, announced that the Parnells had Persian blood in their veins, but this, of course, is quite incorrect. The second Lord Congleton, a great-uncle of the present peer, was of an extremely serious and missionary habit, and while travelling in the East he converted to Christianity a beautiful Armenian lady, the widow of a merchant. For this conversion, the lady's friends discarded her, and so Lord Congleton, in an access of missionary zeal, and also, it is said, entirely in accordance with his inclinations, married her, and brought her home to England. They had, however, no children. The late Lord Congleton had a long and distinguished military career. He saw service in the Crimea, and commanded the 2nd Battalion of the Buffs throughout the Zulu War of 1879, and though it is not yet finally decided, it is probable that his son, the present peer, will also enter the Army.

* * *

Lord Hampden

The second new peer, Lord Hampden, was also in the Army. As Major the Hon. Thomas Brand, he held a commission in the 10th Hussars, and was Brigade-Major during the South African War. His accession to his father's Viscounty occurred seven years after his marriage to the Lady Katherine Montague-Douglas-Scott, daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, and he has several children, the eldest of whom now becomes, like his father before him, the Hon. Thomas Brand. The late Lord Hampden was the son of the famous Speaker Brand.

* * *

An Ancient Family

The engagement of a daughter of the ancient and most aristocratic Prussian house of Reuss has been the subject of much interested comment in that country which is now ruled by the Hohenzollerns. Her Serene Highness (as she is entitled to be called) Princess Hermione of Reuss, whose engagement to Prince Johann Georg von Schönach-Carolath is announced, celebrates her nineteenth birthday on the 17th of this month. She is the fourth sister of Prince Henry XXIV. of Reuss, the present representative of the ancient house of Reuss, and a descendant through his mother of the house of Schaumbürg-Lippe. It will, perhaps, be remembered that the father of the reigning Prince was deposed, and the Regency during the minority of Prince Henry XXIV. was placed in the hands of Prince Henry XIV., a member of a cadet branch

PARIS Week by Week.

The Medical Profession in France

The case of Dr. Hebert—"The Mystery of Boisle-Roi," as the papers describe it—has caused a tremendous sensation. I do not wish to suggest, on the slender evidence of the reports, that the doctor was necessarily associated with a matrimonial agency or that he has misused his professional position, but the public is astonished at the bare idea of such a thing. This astonishment on the good public's part shows their profound ignorance of the inner workings of the medical profession. The doctor's profession—like everything else — has undergone a curious evolution. What has become of the general practitioner, of the family doctor? He is slowly disappearing, ousted by two formidable opponents — the patent medicine and . . . the clairvoyant. Yes, the clairvoyant; and this fact is hardly to the credit of men and women of the present day. It shows that our intellectual development has not kept pace with the progress of science, and that, despite the discoveries by Pasteur, Lister, Curie, etc., many among us still prefer to consult magicians practising the "black art," or those who pretend to hold communication with the spirit world! It is, therefore, not astonishing that of the thirteen thousand medical men in France, more than half do not succeed in earning a bare living, and are compelled either to quit their profession or to resort to other means for making both ends meet. The most enterprising among them open establishments for the cure of nervous complaints—the ailment *à la mode*. These undertakings are nearly always profitable, but only rich men can embark on them, inasmuch as they demand a heavy outlay of money. Splendidly fitted up—"replete with every modern comfort," as the prospectus tells you—they keenly compete with one another to secure the wealthy neurasthenic, who, of course, pays very dearly for his "rest cure," his "douches," or whatever treatment may be administered.

Photo *Topical Agency*

The house Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has just vacated

It is true that the famous actress has recently changed her residence, but the rumour that she did so from motives of economy is denied

Doctors in Other Spheres

Many young doctors, on the other hand, soon grow tired of waiting for patients that do not come, and go in for politics, journalism, or they join the theatrical or any other profession which they hope will prove more remunerative. There are many curious instances of this. First of all, we have no less a person than M. Clémenceau, whose combative spirit ill-suited him for the work of feeling people's pulses and looking at their tongues. He did not practise as a doctor. He took up journalism, blossomed into a politician, and to-day he is the man at the helm, which he holds in his firm grip. Another ex-doctor, now politician, is M. Baudan, the deputy who proposed to raise the deputies' salary from £360 to £600, a proposal that was carried by acclamation. And, besides several other representatives of the people who completed their medical studies, there are, at the present moment, no less than seven shorthand writers in the French Parliament, all of them ex-doctors. A vast number of medical men have also joined the stage. How many people know that Paul Mounet, the celebrated Sociétaire of the Comedie Française, can, if he likes, write "M.D." behind his name? But he does not; nor is he anxious to refer to his former profession. M. Abel Deval, actor-manager of the Théâtre de l'Athénée, and M. Borchard, his right hand, were doctors. Many more could be added to that list, including even *chansonniers* we hear nightly in a Montmartre *cabaret*.

* * *

Medical Agents

When we come to the third and last category, the matter becomes serious. Here we have men who remain in the profession, and who, thanks to the prestige it gives them, use their calling to exploit their patients in connection with a trade they carry on surreptitiously. These trades are of every possible description. Some of these men "recommend"

certain wines as being particularly pure and unadulterated; others, who have a women's *clientèle*, push a special corset, which, they say, is more hygienic than the existing ones. Again, others draw their friends' attention to a new kind of underclothing, invaluable to health, etc. I know even a case of an American doctor who actually induced his patients to take shares in certain industrial undertakings. This scheme proved most lucrative, but the doctor-stockbroker came to grief over it, and he has since disappeared. On the other hand, the doctor-picture-dealer is by no means an unfamiliar figure. This gentleman, supposed to be a great art collector, has a quantity of paintings in his waiting and consulting rooms, and he cleverly manages to palm them off on rich and unsuspecting clients.

* * *

"Le Théâtre des Capucines"

Numbers of foreigners are to be seen every evening at the Théâtre des Capucines—a little theatre which belongs to that group of houses which the French call *théâtres à coté*, and which play such a distinctive part in the life of Paris to-day. And this is not surprising. Foreigners coming to Paris want to get a real glimpse of the life of the city, and to do so they must spend an hour or two in one of these little theatres. The Capucines is elegance itself. It is about the size of a large hall, with all the comforts of a big theatre and none of its disadvantages. The *répertoire* consists of comedies only; these are destined to make the audience laugh to tears, and they rarely fail. The theatre has only been opened three or four years. But from the first the manager determined to cater for an aristocratic *clientèle*, and he has it. The Rothschilds are very often to be seen in this little theatre, so are the Russian Grand Dukes; the King of the Belgians goes there frequently, and even King Edward. His last visit was in 1905, when Jeanne Granier was playing, and His Majesty did not hesitate to send her a message to say how much he appreciated her acting. The new manager knows exactly what the public wants, and he supplies it. He generally secures the services of the most talented and popular actresses of the day, the daintiest little persons in Paris. This week Mlle. Balthy and Miss Campton are playing the principal parts in a farce, *Petit Kosson*. This little theatre is quite a financial success, judging from the salaries paid to the actresses. Jeanne Granier has as much as 800 francs (£32) a performance.

* * *

The Grand Duke Vladimir in Paris

The Grand Duke Vladimir has been in Paris this week. He was present at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, when there was a commencement of what might have been a panic had it not been for the presence of mind of Sarah Bernhardt herself. As a matter of fact, nothing more serious happened than two electric lamps bursting. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt assured the public that everything was all right, and excuses were sent to the Grand Duke Vladimir. The Russian Grand Duke has been invited several times to dinner, to Embassies chiefly, but I wonder if he enjoyed these functions as much as the little party *incog.* which he had in quite a small restaurant near the opera

Photo *Bieber*

A recruit to the Parisian stage?

Marie Sulzer, who, owing to a difference of opinion with the German Government, will remain (at their request) outside the German Empire, for the present at any rate. Doubtless, Paris will welcome the now distinguished actress as a rival to Bernhardt, Le Baigy, and—Otero?

From All Points of the Compass

(*For full particulars of this competition see page* xxvi)

Extremes of Britain: On Land's End

"The last BYSTANDER in England" being read on the Land's End Rocks. Sent by Mr. G. W. TAYLOR, 44, New Street, Penzance

Extremes of Britain: In Kirkwall, Orkney

The paper being read in Kirkwall, the capital of the Orkney Islands, showing the one and only street, which runs through the town. Sent by Miss N. SPENCE, 72, Victoria Street, Kirkwall, Orkney

"BYSTANDER EVERYWHERE" COMPETITION

(*Thirteenth Series*)

Showing readers at

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(2) **The Orkneys**
(3) **Norway**
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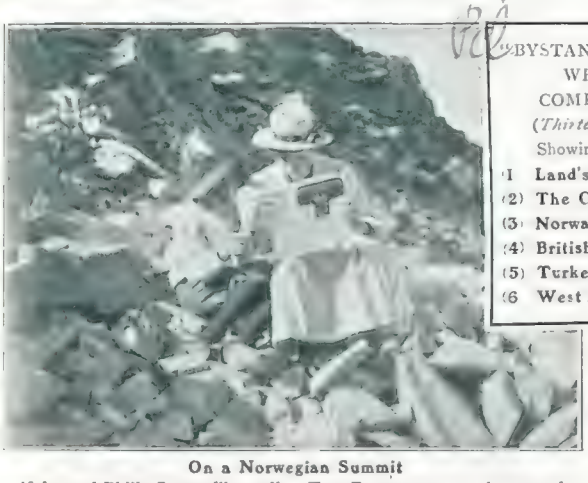
(5) **Turkey in Asia**
(6) **West Indies**



On a Norwegian Summit

Helen and Philip Somerville reading THE BYSTANDER on the summit of the Ganska Fejld, 6,250 feet above the sea, the highest mountain in the South of Norway. Sent by Mr. D. M. M. Crichton Somerville, F.R.G.S., Boystadixien 21, Christiania, Norway

In British Bechuanaland

Taken outside the Mounted Police camp kitchen, Kuruman. The three hartebeeste represent a day's sport among the Kuruman Hills. Kuruman was originally discovered by Livingstone, and consists of a small trading station on the border of the Kalahari Desert and a large native reserve. Sent by Mr. H. BINGHAM, Cape Mounted Police, Kuruman, British Bechuanaland

Young Turks Imbibing English Knowledge

The paper is being read by some young scholars in the Carmelite Missionary School, at Bassora, just below the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates. Sent by the Hon. ALBERT G. ASFAR, Bagdad, Turkey in Asia

In a West Indian Lazaretto

Dr. Meggs, the doctor in charge, reading the paper to some of the lepers in the lazaretto, Sandy Point, St. Kitts, West Indies. Sent by Mr. CLAUDE L. T. PHILLIPS, The Towers, Goring-on-Thames, Oxon

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Davids versus The Goliaths

The foursome match between Braid and Vardon and Mayo and Duncan ended, as most people thought it would, in a heavy defeat for the younger players. The match has raised considerable discussion, and has occasioned some rather acrimonious criticism. Into the ethics of the constitution of this match I do not propose to enter at present, but will confine myself for the moment to noting that certain aspects of it give rise to disquieting reflections. The two most uncomfortable features are the running of the match by a particular paper, and the taking of gate-money at Timperley in the second stage of the encounter. All those who have the best and purest interests of the game at heart are concerned to see any sign of a commercial taint touching our beloved pastime, and we shall all have to be on the watch to see that this taint does not spread and infect golf any further. For the moment I will content myself with this brief note of warning, holding myself free to examine the matter more closely at a future date.

Photo *Puddicombe*

An octogenarian foursome at Westward Ho!

An interesting foursome took place at Westward Ho! on November 23, between four players representing England and Scotland, each of whom was over eighty years of age. The match resulted in a Scottish victory of three up and one to play

The Actual Match

Both Vardon and Braid are past masters of foursome play, more particularly the latter. Duncan I knew as a brilliant single player, but I had my doubts of his temperamental fitness for foursome combination, and what I saw at Walton Heath confirmed my fears in this respect. I had never seen Mayo play before, but I knew from the record of his doings in the *News of the World* tournament that he must have great gifts. His play throughout the day at Walton Heath, the only stage of the match which I saw, pleased me enormously, and convinced me that a young player of the first rank has entered the lists, and that a great future *ceteris paribus* must certainly lie before him. Barring the grave error on the first green, where he caused the loss of a hole which might have been won and which ought certainly to have been halved by giving his partner an unnecessary stymie to negotiate, he made fewer mistakes than any of the four players, and his consistently fine and straight driving, his calmness and steadiness under difficulties, and his unruffled demeanour in face of a rather ignorant and unruly crowd, marked him out as possessing the ideal temperament for a great golfer. On the day's play at Walton Heath the youngsters had every right to be proud of their performance, for to lose only two holes in each round to such formidable opponents was no mean feat.

Braid's Play

Braid was great, as he always is, and pursued his even way through the ups and downs of the game with that quiet calm for which he is famous, and to which he owes such a large measure of his success. It was quite touching and humorously pathetic to see the once accurate putter, Vardon, taking his orders and instructions on every green as to line and other particulars from the former bad putter, Braid. He has even adopted the same form of putter, no doubt in the hope that a similar marvellous cure may result in his case as in that of his great partner. That it may so result must be the devout wish of all his admirers, but there were no signs of it yet apparent at Walton Heath. The putting, indeed, all round was singularly poor. No doubt the greens were very tricky, and varied in strength so much as to make putting extremely difficult.

The Spectators on the Course

The crowd was a queer mixture, and contained a large element of ignorant enthusiasts, who made the policing of the course an almost impossible task. The course was in superb order, and has been much improved since the opening day, when I last saw it, by the addition of many admirably placed bunkers at various points. Everybody regretted the absence of its creator, Mr. Fowler, who is slowly, but I am glad to say surely, recovering from a long and painful illness.

A Merry Christmas to You All

THE BYSTANDER Christmas comes early, and therefore enables me to take time by the forelock in wishing all my readers the merriest, most open, and most golfing Christmas possible.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

The
BYSTANDER
Christmas
AND
Birthday
Number
1906.

Photo Bassano

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A MIRACLE at MONTMARTRE

By LEONARD MERRICK

Author of "The Worldlings," "Conrad in Quest of his Youth," &c. &c.

LAJEUNIE, the luckless novelist, went to Pitou, the unrecognised composer, saying, "I have a superb scenario for a revue. Let us join forces! I promise you we shall make a fortune; we shall exchange our attics for first floors of fashion, and be wealthy enough to wear sable overcoats and Panama hats at the same time." In ordinary circumstances, of course, Pitou would have collaborated only with Tricotrin, but Tricotrin was just then engrossed by a tragedy in blank verse and seven acts, and he said to them, "Make a fortune together by all means, my comrades; I should be unreasonable if I raised objections to having rich friends."

Accordingly, the pair worked like heroes of biography, and, after vicissitudes innumerable, "Patatras" was practically accepted at La Coupole. The manager even hinted that Fleurette Deschamps might be seen in the leading part. La Coupole, and Deschamps! Lajeunie and Pitou could scarcely credit their ears. To be sure, she was no actress, and her voice was rather unpleasant, and she would probably want everything rewritten fifteen times before it satisfied her; but she was a beautiful woman, and all Paris paid to look at her when she graced a stage; and she had just ruined Prince Czernowitz, which gave her name an additional value.

"I feel like Rodolphe at the end of 'La Vie de Bohème,'" confided Pitou to Tricotrin in their garret one winter night, as they went supperless to their beds. "Now that the days of privation are past, I recall them with something like regret. The shock of the laundress's totals, the meagre dinners at Le Faisan d'Or, these things have a fascination now that I part from them. I do not wish to sound ungrateful, but I cannot help wondering if my millions will impair the taste of life to me."

"We had hard times together, you and I," said Tricotrin, "and *I* am still a 'nobody'; but we shall be chums as long as we live. I feel that you can unbosom yourself to me, the poor bohemian, more freely than to any Immortal with whom you hobnob in scenes of splendour."

"Oh indeed, indeed!" assented Pitou, weeping copiously, and getting between his ragged sheets. "You are as dear to me now as in the days of our struggles; I should curse my affluence if it made you doubt that! Good night, my brother; God bless you."

Half an hour crept by.

"Gustave!"

"Eh bien?" said Tricotrin, looking towards the other bed. "Not asleep yet?"

"I cannot sleep—hunger is gnawing at me."

"Ah, what a relentless realist is this hunger," complained the poet, "how it destroys one's illusions!"

"Is there nothing to eat in the attic?"

"Not a crumb—I am ravenous myself. But I recall a broken cigarette in my waistcoat pocket; let us cut it in halves!"

They strove, shivering, to appease their pangs by slow whiffs of a caporal, and while they supped in this unsatisfactory fashion, there came an impetuous knocking at the street door.

"It must be that La Coupole has sent you a sack of gold to go on with," Tricotrin opined. "Put you head out and see."

"It is Lajeunie," announced the composer, withdrawing from the window with chattering teeth. "What the devil can he want? I suppose I must go down and let him in."

"Perhaps we can get some more cigarettes from him," said Tricotrin; "it might have been worse."

But when the novelist appeared, the first thing he stammered was, "Give me a cigarette, one of you fellows, or I shall die!"

"Well, then, dictate your last wishes to us!" returned Pitou. "Do you come here under the impression that the house is a tobacconist's? What is the matter with you, what is up?"

"I am no longer master of myself," snuffled Lajeunie, who looked half-frozen, and kept shuddering violently. "Listen! It occurred to me this evening that I might do worse than pay a visit to La Coupole and inquire if a date was fixed yet for the production. Well, I went. For a long time I could obtain no interview, I could obtain no appointment—the messenger came back with evasive answers. I am naturally quick at smelling a rat—I have the detective's instinct—and I felt that there was something wrong. My heart began to fail me."

"For mercy's sake," groaned his unhappy collaborator, "explode the bomb and bury my fragments! Enough of these literary introductions! Did you see the manager, or didn't you?"

"I did see the miscreant, the treacherous impostor. I saw him in the street! For I was not to be put off—I waited till he came out. Well, my friend, to compress the tragedy into one act, our hope is shattered—'Patatras' is again refused!"

"Oh, heavens!" moaned Pitou, and fell back upon the mattress as white as death.

(Copyright in the U.S.A. by Leonard Merrick)

"What explanation did he make?" cried Tricotrin. "What is the reason?"

"The reason is that Deschamps is an imbecile—she finds the part unworthy of her talents. A part on which I have lavished all the wealth of my invention—she finds it beneath her; she said she would 'break her contract rather than play it'! Well, Deschamps is the trump-card of his season—he would throw over the whole of the Academy sooner than lose Deschamps. Since she objects to figuring in 'Patatras,' 'Patatras' is waste-paper to him. Alas! who would be an author? I would rather shovel coke or cut corns for a living! He himself admitted that there was no fault to find with the revue, but, 'You know well, monsieur, that we must humour Deschamps'! I asked him if he would try to bring her to her senses, but it seems that there have been a dozen discussions already—he is sick of the subject. Now it is settled—our manuscript will be banged back at us, and we may rip!"

"Oh, you did quite right to come to me, but now leave me—leave me to perish," proclaimed Pitou vehemently. "I have no words, I am stricken. The next time you see me it will be in the Morgue. Mon Dieu, that beautiful wretch, that creature without conscience, or a note in her voice—by a shrug of her elegant shoulders she condemns me to the Seine!"

"All over!" sobbed Lajeunie, bowing his head on the washhand-stand. "'Patatras' is dead!"

Then for some seconds the only sound to be heard in the attic was the laboured breathing of the three young men's despair.

At last Tricotrin, drawing himself upright in his tattered nightshirt, said, with a gesture of dignity, "Well, the case may justify me—in the present situation it appears to me that I have the right to use my influence with Deschamps!"

A signal from Mars could scarcely have caused a more profound sensation. Pitou and Lajeunie regarded him with open mouths. "Your influence?" echoed Pitou; "your influence? I was not aware that you had ever met her."

"No," rejoined the poet darkly; "I have not met her. But there are circumstances in my life which entitle me to demand a service of this triumphant woman. Do not question me, my friends—what I shall say to her must remain a secret even from you; I declare, however, that nobody has a stronger claim on her than Gustave Tricotrin, the poor penny-a-liner whom she does not know!"

The sudden intervention—to say nothing of its literary flavour—so excited the collaborators that they nearly wrung his hands off.

"In sober earnest, I conjecture that you are married to her, like Athos to Miladi," said the novelist. "As you stand there, with that grave air, you strongly resemble Athos."

"Nevertheless, Athos did not marry a woman to whom he had not spoken, and I repeat that I have never spoken to Deschamps in my life."

"Well," said Lajeunie, "I have too much respect for your wishes to show any curiosity. Besides, by an expert the mystery is to be divined—before the story opens, you rendered her some silent aid, and your name will remind her of a great heroism?"

"I have never rendered her any aid at all," demurred Tricotrin, "and there is not the slightest reason to suppose that she has ever heard my name. But, again, I have an incontestable right to demand a service of her, and for the sake of the affection I bear you both, I shall go to do it."

"When Tricotrin thinks that he is living in 'The Three Musketeers' it is useless to try to pump him," said Pitou; "let us content ourselves with what we are told! Is it not enough? Our fate is in Deschamps' hands, and he is in a position to ask a favour of her. What more can we want?"

But he could not resist putting a question on his own account after Lajeunie had skipped downstairs.

"Gustave, why did you never mention to me that you knew Deschamps?"

"Morbleu! how often must I say that I do *not* know her?"

"Well—how shall I express it?—that some episode in your career gave you a claim on her consideration?"

"Because, by doing so, I should have both violated a confidence, and re-opened a wound which still burns," said Tricotrin, more like Athos than ever. "Only the urgency of your need, D'Artagnan, could induce me to take the course that I project! Now let me sleep, for to-morrow I must have all my wits."

It was, however, five o'clock already, and before either of them had slept long the steps of the Passage des Abbesses clattered with feet on their way to the laundries, and vendors of delicacies were bawling suggestions for appetising breakfasts.

"Not only do the shouts of these monsters disturb my slumber, but they taunt my starvation!" yawned the poet. "Yet, now I come to think of it, I have an appointment with a man who has sworn to lend me a franc, so perhaps I had better get up before he is likely to have spent it. I shall call upon Deschamps in the afternoon, when she returns from her drive. What is your own programme?"

"My first attempt will be at a laiterie in the Rue St. Rustique, where I am inclined to think I may get credit for milk and a roll if I swagger."

"Capital," said Tricotrin; "things are looking up with us both! And if I raise the franc, there will be half of it for you to squander on a recherché luncheon. Meet me in the Place Dancourt in an hour's time. So long!"

Never had Mlle. Deschamps looked more captivating than when her carriage brought her back that day; she wore—but why particularise? Suffice it, that she had just been photographed. As she stepped to the pavement she was surprised by the obeisance of a shabby young man, who said in courtly tones, "Mademoiselle, may I beg the honour of an interview with you? I come from La Coupole." Having bestowed a glance of annoyance on him, she invited him to ascend the stairs, and a minute later Tricotrin was privileged to watch her take off her hat before the mirror.

"Eh bien?" she inquired, "what's the trouble there now; what do they want?"

"So far as I know, mademoiselle," returned the intruder deferentially, "they want nothing but your beauty and your genius; but I myself want infinitely more—I want your attention and your pity. Let me

"Tricotrin was privileged to see her remove her hat"

BY SYDNEY SEYMOUR LUCAS

explain without delay that I do not represent the management, and that when I said I came from La Coupole I should have added that I did not come from the interior."

"Upon my word," she said sharply; "who are you, then?"

"I am Tricotrin, mademoiselle—Gustave Tricotrin, at your feet. I have two comrades, the parents of 'Patatras'; you have refused to play in it, and I fear they will destroy themselves. I come to beg you to save their lives."

"Monsieur," exclaimed the lady, and her eyes were brilliant with temper, "all that I have to say about 'Patatras' I have said. The part gave me the hump!'

"And yet," continued the suppliant firmly, "I hope to induce you to accept it. I am an author myself, and I assure you that it teems with opportunities which you may have overlooked in a casual reading."

"It is stupid!"

"As you would play it, I predict that it would be a triumph."

"And the music is no good!"

"If I may venture to differ from you, the music is melodious in the extreme — Pitou is my lifelong friend."

"I appreciate the argument," she said, with fine irony. "But you can scarcely expect me to play a part I don't like in order to please you."

"Frankly, that is just what I dare to expect," replied the poet. "I think that you may consent for my sake."

"Oh, really? For *your* sake? Would you mind mentioning why, before you go?"

"I drove my pen till daybreak"
(Drawn by Sydney Seymour Lucas)

"Because, mademoiselle," said Tricotrin, folding his arms, "in years gone by, you ruined me!"

"Mon Dieu!" she gasped, and she did not doubt that she was in the presence of a lunatic.

"Do not ring," he begged; "if it will allay your panic, I will open the door and address you from the landing! I am not insane, and I solemnly assert that I am one of the men who have had the honour of being ruined by you."

"I have never seen you in my life before!"

"I know it; I even admit that I attach no blame to you in the matter. Nevertheless, you cost me two thousand, five hundred, and forty-three francs, and, as you may judge by my costume, I do not own the Crédit Lyonnais. If you will deign to hear my story, I guarantee that it will convince you. Do you permit me to proceed?"

The beauty nodded wonderingly, and the shabby young man continued in the following words:

"As I have said, I am an author; I shall *live* by my poems, but I exist by my prose—in fact, I turn my pen to whatever promises a dinner, be it a sonnet to the Spring, or a testimonial to a hair restorer. One summer, when dinners had been even more elusive than usual, I conceived the idea of calling attention to my talents by means of an advertisement. In reply, I received a note bidding me be on the third step of the Madeleine at four o'clock the following day, and my correspondent proved to be a gentleman whose elegant apparel at once proclaimed him a Parisian of the Boulevards.

"'You are Monsieur Gustave Tricotrin?' he inquired.

"'I have that misfortune, monsieur,' said I. We adjourned to a café, and after a preliminary chat, from which he deduced that I was a person of discretion, he made me a proposal.

"He said, 'Monsieur Tricotrin, it is evident that you and I were designed to improve each other's condition; *your* dilemma is that, being unknown, you cannot dispose of your stories—*mine* is that, being known so well, I am asked for more stories than I have time to write. I suggest that you shall write some for me. *I* will sign them, they will be paid for in accordance with my usual terms, and you shall receive a generous share of the money. I need not impress upon you that I am speaking in the strictest confidence, and that you must never breathe a word about our partnership, even to the wife of your bosom.'

"'Monsieur,' I returned, 'I have no wife to breathe to, and my bosom is unsurpassed as a receptacle for secrets.'

"'Good,'" he said. 'Well, without beating about the bush, I will tell you who I am.' He then uttered a name that made me jump, and before we parted it was arranged that I should supply him with a tale immediately as a specimen of my abilities.

"This tale, which I accomplished the same evening, pleased him so well that he forthwith gave me an order for two more. I can create a plot almost as rapidly as a debt, and before long I had delivered manuscripts to him in such wholesale quantities that if I had been paid cash for them, I should have been in a position to fête half Montmartre. It was his custom, however, to make excuses and payments on account, and as we were capital friends by now, I never demurred.

"Well, things went on in this fashion until one day he hinted to me that I had provided him with enough manuscripts to last him for the next two years; his study was lumbered with evidence of my talent, and his market, after all, was not unlimited. He owed me then close upon three thousand francs, and it was agreed that he should discharge the liability by weekly instalments. Enfin, I was content enough—I foresaw an ample income for two years to come, and renewed leisure to win immortality by my epics. I trust that my narrative does not fatigue you, mademoiselle?"

"What has it all to do with me, however?" asked the lady.

"You shall hear. Though the heroine comes on late, she brings the house down when she enters. For a few months my patron fulfilled his compact with tolerable punctuality, but I never failed to notice when we met that he was a prey to some terrible grief. At last, when he had reduced the sum to two thousand, five hundred, and forty-three francs—the figures will be found graven on my heart—he confided in me, he made me a strange request; he exclaimed:—

"'Tricotrin, I am the most miserable of men!'

"'Poor fellow!' I responded. 'It is, of course, a woman?'

"'Precisely,' he answered. 'I adore her. Her beauty is incomparable, her fascinations are unparalleled, her intelligence is unique. She has only one blemish—she is mercenary.'

"'After all, perfection would be tedious,' I said.

"'You are a man of sensibility, you understand!' he cried. 'Her tastes have been a considerable strain on my resources, and in consequence my affairs have become involved. Now that I am in difficulties, she is giving me the chuck. I have implored and besought, I have worn myself out in appeals, but her firmness is as striking as her other gifts. There remains only one chance for me—a letter so impassioned that it shall awake her pity. *I*, as I tell you, am exhausted. I can no longer plead, no longer phrase, I am a wreck. Will you, as a friend, as a poet, compose such a letter, and give it to me to copy?'

"Could I hesitate? I drove my pen for him till daybreak. All the yearnings of my own nature, all the romance of my fiery youth, I poured out in this appeal to a siren whom I had never seen, and whose name I did not know. I was distraught, pathetic, humorous, and sublime by turns. Subtle gleams of wit flashed artistically across the lurid landscape of despair. I reminded her of scenes of happiness—vaguely, because I had no details to work upon; the reminiscences, however, were so touching that I came near to believing in them. Mindful of her solitary blemish, I referred to 'embarrassments now almost at an end'; and so profoundly did I affect myself, that while I wrote that I was weeping, it was really true. Well, when I saw the gentleman again he embraced me like a brother; 'your letter was a masterpiece,' he told me; 'it has done the trick!'

"Mademoiselle, I do not wish to say who he was, and as you have known many celebrities, and had many love-letters, you may not guess. But the woman was you! And if I had been a better business-man, I should have written less movingly, for I recognised even during my inspiration that it was against my interests to reunite him to you. I was an artist! I thrilled your heart, I restored you to his arms—and you had the two thousand, five hundred, and forty-three francs that would otherwise have come to me! Never could I extract another sou from him!"

As Tricotrin concluded his painful history, Mlle. Deschamps seemed so much amused that he feared she had entirely missed its pathos. But his misgiving was relieved when she spoke:

"Well, I appear to have been expensive to you, monsieur," she said, "and you have certainly had nothing for your money. Since this revue—which I own that I have scarcely glanced at—is the apple of your eye, I promise to read it with more attention."

. . . . . .

A month later "Patatras" was produced at La Coupole after all, and no one applauded its performance more enthusiastically than the poet, who subsequently went to supper arm-in-arm with its creators.

"Mon vieux," said the elated pair, "we will not ask again by what means you accomplished this miracle, but let it teach you a lesson. To-night's experience proves that nothing is beyond your power if you resolve to succeed!"

"It proves," replied Tricotrin, "that Deschamps' first impression was correct, for, between ourselves, my children, 'Patatras' is no shakes!"

Nevertheless, Lajeunie and Pitou wore laurels in Montmartre; and one is happy to say that their fees raised the young collaborators from privation to prosperity—thanks to Deschamps' attractions—for nearly three weeks. LEONARD MERRICK.

DRAWN BY SYDNEY SEYMOUR LUCAS

THE GAY DECEIVER

BY HEBBLETHWAITE

The Princess's Eyebrow

By
W. E. NORRIS,
Author of
"NATURE'S COMEDIAN,"
"THE ROGUE," Etc., Etc.

IF Princess Plotanow is not quite the important, indispensable factor in modern European politics that she likes to think herself, it is nevertheless probable that this restless, wealthy, peripatetic lady has counted for more in the provoking or composing of diplomatic disputes, even perhaps in the conclusion of treaties, than is suspected by the general public. It is, at all events, undeniable that she has long held a species of roving, semi-official commission to speak on behalf of the Power to which she owes allegiance, and that Secretaries of State, Ambassadors, and other high personages have often found it convenient to tell her such secrets as it may be difficult or irregular to divulge through the ordinary channels. In the case of secrets which are intended to remain secret they are doubtless more reticent; for no one has ever pretended that the Princess is a person upon whose fidelity or discretion it is wise to rely. That Sir Henry Prendergast, who had been more or less acquainted with her throughout his brilliant diplomatic career, should, during a recent crisis, have committed the imprudence which he did commit of trusting her, only shows to what lengths a personally ambitious and patriotically zealous public servant may be spurred by impatience with the heavy hesitations of Downing Street.

There were, of course, excuses for Sir Henry. Being deservedly in favour with his Chief at the Foreign Office, he was given a somewhat freer hand than is accorded to all Ambassadors; there are matters which cannot be dealt with in despatches; time was of consequence, and (owing to circumstances with which this brief narrative is not concerned) the position of international affairs happened just then to be peculiarly susceptible of modification by intrigue. The Power to which he was accredited had, in short, to be considered as potentially hostile, and must, if possible, be prevented from arriving at anything like an understanding with that on behalf of which the Princess claimed an unofficial right to negotiate. Now, since the two had few real interests in common, and since they were animated by a mutual distrust of long standing, Sir Henry thought he saw his way to benefit his country and enhance his own reputation by means of concessions which it would be well worth his country's while to grant. The only trouble was that the British Parliament was most unlikely to grant them. The British Parliament is often as troublesome in the sanctioning of preliminaries as it is acquiescent and supine in the face of an accomplished fact.

When, therefore, Princess Plotanow descended like a stormy petrel or an olive-bearing dove (she was prepared, no doubt, to play either part) upon the capital wherein Sir Henry Prendergast was domiciled, that elderly, well-preserved dandy lost no time in ingratiating himself with her. Nothing was less difficult, inasmuch as the Princess, shrewd, sharp-tongued, and domineering though she was, resembled Achilles in being vulnerable at one point. Her vanity knew no bounds; she fondly believed that a red-brown wig, beautifully pencilled eyebrows, and a most improbable complexion, were the equivalents of charms which had once been genuine enough; and any man who cared to be at the pains of making love to her might at least feel sure that she would never doubt his sincerity. Dapper little Sir Henry, who, in the

furtherance of a public duty, would have made love to a negress, beset her with attentions, sent her flowers every day, and whispered into her ear the extravagant compliments which her soul loved. With regard to the latter, there was no danger of erring on the side of extravagance. As we get on in years our palates grow dull and demand highly seasoned dishes. The Princess greedily swallowed all those that were offered to her and asked for more.

So far so good. Great Britain's representative made rapid headway, and easily distanced Count von Zwischeneck, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who was visibly eager to supplant him in the lady's good graces. Sir Henry had little fear of von Zwischeneck, a mediocre statesman at best, with no clearly defined policy, and with a jealous old wife. However, when it came to business, the Princess proved elusive and exacting. Profuse in promises and pledges, which she could never be called upon to redeem, she demanded in return what she must have known perfectly well that no Plenipotentiary had power to grant. She was willing, she declared, to believe that both Sir Henry and his Government were imbued with a sincere anxiety to preserve the peace of the world. So, for that matter, were Count von Zwischeneck and his Government; so were all Ministers and all Governments. But the whole question was obviously and necessarily one of conditions, and she would like to have her dear Sir Henry's in writing. It is needless to add that she did not get them in that shape, although she did, before she rather abruptly quitted the capital, obtain verbal assurances which exceeded by a long way the limits of circumspection or authorisation. Sir Henry went to the station to see her off, and she presented him, at parting, with a photograph of herself which was charming as a work of art, if a trifle hard to recognise as a portrait.

Upon the whole, the Ambassador was not dissatisfied with what he had accomplished. He flattered himself that he had at all events stolen a march upon von Zwischeneck, whom he encountered at a Court ball that evening, and who spoke of the departed guest with an assumption of contempt for scheming ladies which may have concealed some inward mortification.

"In these days of universal publicity," the Foreign Minister remarked, "it is a waste of time to recur to methods which amused our forefathers. Petticoat diplomacy is *vieux jeu*."

Sir Henry shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "Possibly it is," he agreed. "As for me, I am a student of history; so that I count no time wasted which brings me into touch with the past. Admit, at least, that our dear Princess is an interesting historic survival."

It was scarcely wise to make such a speech to a man who disliked him, and who was quite capable of repeating it; but Sir Henry did a far more foolish thing than that when, shortly afterwards, in response to a friendly interrogative missive from the Princess, he refreshed her memory by setting down on paper a brief *résumé* of their conversations. As soon as he had posted the letter he knew he had made a mistake, and would gladly have recalled it. All that could be said was that occasional risks must be run, that it was really essential to avoid misconceptions, and that the Princess was, anyhow, well disposed towards him and his ideas.

But was she? As time went on, bringing him no further communication from her, and bringing rumours of her activity in other spheres, he began to be uneasily doubtful. The European situation, unaltered—and indeed unalterable—in fundamentals, suffered some surface changes which were not to Sir Henry's liking; divers straws, indicative of a temporary shift of wind, were blown his way, and led him to suspect treachery on the part of a lady who had never been famous for good faith. Now the Princess Plotanow might or might not be politically negligible; but it was certain that she could make things extremely uncomfortable for a man in Sir Henry Prendergast's position who had given her hostages, and this was his reason for deciding to betake himself to Marienbad in the month of August, instead of going home on leave, as usual. The Princess, he knew, was to be there, and he thought he had better find out how he stood with her.

He was not kept long in suspense. The very first time that he made his appearance on the Kreuzbrunn promenade he met her, pacing majestically by the side of a Royal personage, and, although etiquette forbade any exchange of salutations at the moment, there was an inimical gleam in her eye of which he was quick to take note. Contriving to cross her path again half an hour later, when she was in less exalted company, he was greeted with what he immediately recognised as a virtual declaration of war.

"My dear Sir Henry," the Princess began, "I cannot tell you how sorry I have been to hear of the break-down in your health."

Sir Henry smilingly assured her that she had been misinformed; he was glad to say that he had never felt better in his life.

She raised her curved eyebrows. "*Une maladie diplomatique alors?* But that is even more distressing. We all hoped that your resignation was due to a passing indisposition, and that we should soon hear of your being appointed to some fresh post."

"Who," murmured Sir Henry, pensively, "can have thought it worth while to spread such a ridiculous story as that I had resigned? I do not know whether it is worth while to contradict it or not, but, of course, I have done nothing of the kind."

"Oh, one understands," returned the Princess, "that these things must always be denied until they are announced. That, unhappily, does not alter the fact that we are to lose you, and I fear from what you say that there must have been differences between you and your Government. When Ambassadors retire under such circumstances —— !" She shrugged her shoulders and added meaningly, "They are apt to degenerate into mere interesting historic survivals."

She spoke, as she always did, in a high, strident voice; grouped round about her, with pricked-up ears, were sundry eager listeners, and if the full significance of her last words was lost upon them, Sir Henry did not fail to grasp it. However, he kept his temper and his presence of mind.

"From the moment that it pleases you to relegate me to private life, Princess," said he, laughing good-humouredly, "it only remains for me to issue marching orders at the Embassy. Meanwhile, I hope you will permit me to finish my cure here before I present my letters of recall."

Although he knew women in general, and the Princess Plotanow in particular, too well to imagine that she would ever forgive the unlucky remark which had been so basely reported to her, he did not withdraw. It was not unlikely that she had some proposal to make to him; it was certain that, if so, she would support it by an obvious threat, and he was curious to learn what her plan of campaign might be. He therefore walked the length of the sunny promenade with her—a slow process, interrupted at every step by the greetings of acquaintances—and, on reaching the Ferdinandsbrunn at its farther extremity, took occasion to put forward a suggestion for which he gathered that she was prepared.

"If we were to go and sit down in the shade somewhere? What with the buzzing of all these people, and the braying of the band, one can hardly hear oneself speak, and I have so much to say to you!"

The Princess inclined her head, in token of slightly disdainful assent. "What you have to say to me, my dear Ambassador," she remarked, "will come a little too late in the day to serve your purpose, I am afraid; but I have a few words to say to you which you may think of some importance."

They would have been of the last importance had they carried all the weight to which they laid claim; but it always had to be borne in mind that the Princess was without credentials, and that she was liable to be disavowed at a given moment, as, indeed, had happened on more than one previous occasion. Even so, it was somewhat annoying to hear that she had gone over to the enemy, bag and baggage, and that she was in a fair way towards sealing a compact with Count von Zwischeneck which, if it ever reached the stage of responsible ratification, would bode no good to England's future. Moreover, such coolly contemptuous candour was as unflattering as it was doubtless intended to be to the self-esteem of her hearer.

"I observe that you leave me entirely out of account,' was Sir Henry's suave comment upon the information with which he was favoured. "Yet I am, perhaps, capable of putting some spokes in your wheels. Without vanity, I may boast that I took von Zwischeneck's measure some time ago, and if you think that I shall not know how to bring pressure to bear upon him——"

"But since you will not be there! You forget that you are going to resign your post."

"You are pleased to be facetious, Princess. I quite understand that my removal at the present juncture would suit you very well indeed, and you know how eager I always am to be agreeable to you; but I fear I must draw the line at suicide."

"It is better to resign than to be recalled," answered the Princess curtly. "I offer you the chance of resigning, which is generous of me. For I have here," she added, tapping a gold chain bag which hung from her belt, "a letter, signed by you, which, as you must be well aware, would bring about your instant recall if I chose to forward it to one of several quarters."

"A muffled voice bade him: 'Go away! go quite away!'"

(Drawn by Gilbert Holiday)

This, of course, was what Sir Henry had foreseen, and he realised that he was in a tight place. Something more than tact, experience, and subtlety is required to rescue an incriminating document from a lady who is neither hampered by honourable scruples nor prone to pardon slights; yet it was clear that unless he could induce Princess Plotanow to relinquish that letter, he must remain at her mercy. Just by way of gaining time, he made some allusion to the sanctity of private correspondence; but a short, dry laugh was the sole response vouchsafed to him.

"I hold you," said the Princess, "in the hollow of my hand, and I see no reason why your correspondence should be held more sacred than the obligations of friendship, over which I understand that you make merry. But it has never been my custom to crush those who have ceased to be dangerous. Sit down and I will give you some advice which you will take if you are wise."

They had now arrived at a comparatively secluded spot where two iron chairs, conveniently placed beside a screening clump of shrubs, seemed to invite to calm discussion. With a superb gesture the Princess indicated one of them and prepared to seat herself upon the other.

A Frenchman of much discrimination, witnessing the gala reception of Queen Victoria at the Paris Opera half a century ago, took note of a detail which, to his sense, exhibited the difference between those who are born in the purple and those who wear it only as the result of *plébiscites*, *coups d'état*, or other abruptly elevating events. The Queen of England, he remarked, after bowing her acknowledgments, sat down without looking behind her. She knew that there must be a chair there; it was inconceivable that there should not be one. Her Imperial hostess, on the other hand, glanced over her shoulder before doing likewise, and thus betrayed antecedents less assured. Now the Princess Plotanow, although she had no Royal blood in her veins, was very much accustomed to the presence of some attendant cavalier at her elbow, and possibly this may account for her omission of a precaution seldom neglected by humbler mortals. Sir Henry, perceiving at the last moment what was going to happen, uttered a warning cry; but it came too late to save his dignified companion, who missed her seat by a couple of inches, and crashed heavily backwards into the evergreens, which swallowed her up whole, only the soles of her feet remaining visible, like Jezebel's, and making mute, pathetic appeal to a paralysed bystander. Paralysed Sir Henry was for a moment by an inward earthquake of laughter, and before he could essay any steps towards the rendering of first aid there arose from the depths a muffled voice which bade him:

"Go away! Go quite away!"

It really seemed the most considerate thing to do. If he had seized her boots he would, perhaps, only have pulled them off, and in any case the process of extricating her from that thicket must have entailed humiliations which she would have been justified in resenting. He accordingly turned and retired a few yards, composing his countenance, whilst rustling, crackling sounds from the rear indicated that the Princess was laboriously working out her own salvation on all fours.

"You can come back now," her voice informed him after a time; and, as he obeyed, he could not but admire the magnificent self-possession which she retained under difficult circumstances. Somewhat dishevelled she was indeed; her picture-hat had suffered badly, her chestnut wig was awry, and her complexion had lost verisimilitude. But of her dignity she had not abated one jot, and she took up the conversation again with no more allusion to her recent precipitate downfall than as if it had been a habit of hers to turn back somersaults into bushes during the intervals of business.

"I was saying," she resumed, "that you have ceased to be dangerous. I grant you that if you were to remain at your present post, you would be a danger, and a serious one; but that is precisely why I determined long ago to get rid of you. You will have to be ill for a few months. After that you may go to——, well, anywhere that you can persuade your people to send you. My object will have been gained before then."

"You are on the wrong tack, you know," Sir Henry meditatively observed. "We have something substantial to offer you; it stands to reason that von Zwischeneck can have nothing. Added to which, he serves a master who snaps his fingers at him, and who will throw the pair of you over without hesitation as soon as he begins to find you a nuisance. You should never lose sight of the fact that it is our interest—yours and ours—to maintain the existing balance of power, and his to upset it."

The Princess impatiently waved these representations aside. She alleged that the wretched English system of party government sufficed in itself to account for the oft-proved perfidy of Albion; she protested that no *modus vivendi* could be arrived at with a nation which never knew its own mind, and so forth; but it was plain that, whatever her patriotism might be worth in the abstract, she was swayed in this particular instance by private and personal feelings alone. She had been grievously insulted, and she was not to be baulked of her revenge. Recognising this, and also that if there was one thing on earth which the Princess hated and dreaded, it was ridicule, Sir Henry changed his ground.

"Since you are resolved not to spare me," said he, "is there any reason why I should spare you? And if I am in your power, does not the—er—performance which I have just witnessed place you a little in mine? Give me back my letter, and I am dumb. Refuse, and——all Marienbad shall laugh until its sides ache."

The Princess threw him a glance of concentrated spite, but did not wince. "I was waiting for you there!" she scornfully returned; "I knew you would use that generous and courteous weapon. Unluckily for you, it does not alarm me in the least. Really, Sir Henry, you are not adroit! What would have been easier than to rifle my bag of its contents, upon the pretence of lending me assistance, while I was lying helpless on my back? If you let such a chance slip through your fingers, you have only your own stupidity to blame; for you have just shown me that it was not chivalry that restrained you. As for your provoking the mirth of Marienbad at my expense, you will not do that, I think. You are still

(Continued on page 500)

Why Girls Don't Marry

ELIGIBLE!

BY N. SCHLEGEL

(Continued from page 498)

"The Princess hurriedly raised her hand to her forehead, while a faint ejaculation of dismay escaped her"

(Drawn by Gilbert Holiday)

at liberty to resign, remember; but rest assured that any attempt to make a public laughing-stock of me would deprive you of that liberty. The very next post would take your letter to the Foreign Office."

Sir Henry sighed and looked chagrined. He made no rejoinder, but stared ruminatingly at the path, upon which he traced unmeaning patterns with his stick. Presently he stopped, and, picking up some small object, surveyed it with melancholy abstraction.

"Well," said the Princess at length, in an irritated tone of voice, "do you acknowledge yourself beaten? You will hardly find a way out of the dilemma by consulting a caterpillar."

"This is not a caterpillar," answered Sir Henry mildly; "it's your left eyebrow."

The Princess hurriedly raised her hand to her forehead, while a faint ejaculation of dismay escaped her.

"I did not like," Sir Henry went on, "to tell you what a comical appearance you present without it; but I was wondering how you would get back to your hotel. You can't possibly get there without passing through a crowd, you see, and the worst of it is that you have forgotten to provide yourself with a veil. But be of good cheer; this lucky find of mine has enabled me to save your face in every sense of the phrase. I will stick your eyebrow on for you and arrange your hair, which is in a dreadful mess, and make you generally presentable—upon terms."

"After all," murmured the Princess, perceptibly wavering, "it may not be absolutely necessary for you to resign. A short period of leave——"

"My dear lady," interrupted Sir Henry, with a scandalised air, "of what can you be dreaming? Go on leave, in order that all my work may be undone behind my back? Impossible! As impossible, let me add, as it would have been for me to rob you by violence of what I continue to hope that you will feel bound in honour to restore to the most devoted and respectful of your admirers."

"You have odd ways of showing your devotion and respect," remarked the Princess acidly.

"What ways? Somebody has been traducing me to you, I fear. The best-meant criticisms, alas, lend themselves so readily to misrepresentation! If I lament, as I do, the disappearance from our vulgarised world of the *grandes dames* who formerly played such a large part in the control of public affairs, and if I detect in your beauty and talent something that suggests a survival of high historic traditions ——"

"Ah, bah! I am not to be taken in any more by your laboured compliments. Besides, they can only be ironical. You have seen—what you have seen!"

"Most unwillingly, believe me, and if anything less than my country's welfare were at stake, I should hasten to forget all that. But, as it is, I must perforce adhere to the hard Mosaic law of an eye for an eye. Or shall we say an eyebrow for a scrap of paper?"

Never was surrender more prompt or complete than the Princess's. Opening her bag, she flung Sir Henry's letter to him and exclaimed:

"You are a monster, and I hate you! Nevertheless, we may yet be of service to our respective countries, you and I. I abjure von Zwischeneck, who, as you truly say, is a broken reed, and who, moreover, neither deceives me nor is deceived by me. Let us agree to start afresh. Each of us can still tell a damaging story about the other; but that is a good reason for our both keeping silence, *n'est-ce pas?* Now, for the love of Heaven, make haste and patch me up before somebody comes!"

Thus was a certain menace to the tranquillity of Europe averted. The Princess and the Ambassador are still engaged upon intermittent oral negotiations. Nothing, it is true, has come of these up to the present time, and possibly nothing ever will; but the victories of diplomacy are quite as much concerned with prevention as with achievement, and Sir Henry can at least boast of having nipped Count von Zwischeneck's schemes in the bud. For a moment he had thoughts of inditing a grateful sonnet to the Princess Plotanow's eyebrow; but he reluctantly abandoned the idea. It occurred to him that he had, perhaps, had about enough of pen and paper in connection with that lady.

W. E. Norris.

Misplaced Cordiality

EXASPERATED MOTORIST: "The next idiot who wishes me a happy Christmas gets this in his eye"

BY DUDLEY BUXTON

Christmas Bargains

MASTER CUPID: "Here, madam, is

in Cupid's Bazaar

choice selection. Which may I offer you?"

BY A. K. MACDONALD

THE CHRISTMAS DREAM

BY

ARNOLD BENNETT

ILLUSTRATED BY S. SPURRIER

I.

CURIOUS and strange things had a way of happening to Vera—perhaps because she was an extremely feminine woman. But of all the curious and strange things that ever did happen to Vera, this was certainly the strangest and the most curious. It makes a somewhat exasperating narrative, because the affair ended—or, rather, Vera caused it to end—on a note of interrogation. The reader may, however, draw consolation from the fact that, if he is tormented by an unanswerable query, Vera herself was much more tormented by precisely the same query.

Two days before Christmas, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, just when it was getting dusk and the distant smoke-pall of the Five Towns was merging in the general greyness of the Northern sky, Vera was sitting in the bow-window of the drawing-room of Stephen Cheswardine's newly acquired house at Sneyd; Sneyd being the fashionable suburb of the Five Towns, graced by the near presence of a Countess. And as the slim, thirty-year-old Vera sat there, moody (for reasons which will soon appear), in her charming tea-gown, her husband drove up to the door in the dog-cart, and he was not alone. He had with him a man of vigorous and dashing appearance, fair, far from ugly, and with a masterful face, keen eyes, and most magnificent furs round about him. At sight of the visitor Vera's heart did not exactly jump, but it nearly jumped.

Presently, Stephen brought his acquaintance into the drawing-room.

"My wife," said Stephen, rubbing his hands. "Vera, this is Mr. Bittenger, of New York. He will give us the pleasure of spending the night here."

And now Vera's little heart really did jump.

She behaved with the delicious wayward grace which she could always command when she chose to command it. No one would have guessed that she had not spoken to Stephen for a week.

"I'm most happy — most happy," said Mr. Bittenger, with a marked accent and a fine complimentary air. And obviously he was most happy. Vera had impressed him. There was nothing surprising in that. She was in the fulness of her powers in that direction.

It is at this point—at the point of the first jumping of Vera's heart—that the tale begins to be uncanny and disturbing. Thus runs the explanation.

During the year Stephen had gradually grown more and more pre-occupied with the subject of his own health. The earthenware business was very good, although, of course, manufacturers were complaining just as usual. Trade, indeed, flourished to such an extent that Stephen had pronounced himself to be suffering from nervous strain and overwork. The symptoms of his malady were chiefly connected with the assimilation of food; to be brief, it was dyspepsia. And as Stephen had previously been one of those favoured people who can eat anything at any hour, and arise in the best of health the next day, Stephen was troubled. At last—about August, when he was obliged to give up wine—he had suddenly decided that the grimy air of the Five Towns was bad for him, and that the household should be removed to Sneyd. And removed to Sneyd it accordingly was. The new house was larger and more splendid even than the Cheswardine abode at Bursley. But Vera did not like the change. Vera preferred the town. Nevertheless, she could not openly demur, since Stephen's health was supposed to be at stake.

During the autumn she was tremendously bored at Sneyd. She had practically no audience for her pretty dresses, and her friends would not flock over from Bursley because of the difficulty of getting home at night. Then it was that Vera had the beautiful idea of spending Christmas in Switzerland. Someone had told her about a certain hotel called "The Bear," where, on Christmas Day, never less than a hundred well-dressed and wealthy English people sat down to an orthodox Christmas dinner. The notion enchanted her. She had not once been abroad—not even to Paris. She decided, definitely, that she and Stephen should do their Christmassing at "The Bear," wherever "The Bear" was. And as she was fully aware of the power of her capricious charm over Stephen, she regarded the excursion as arranged before she had broached it to him.

Stephen refused. He remarked bitterly that the very thought of a mince-tart made him ill; and that he hated "abroad."

Vera took her defeat badly. She pouted. She sulked. She announced that, if she was not to be allowed to do her Christmassing at "The Bear," she would not do it anywhere. She indicated that she meant to perish miserably of ennui in the besotted dulness of Sneyd, and that no Christmas-party of any kind should occur in *her* house. She ceased to show interest in Stephen's health. She would not

speak. In fact, she went too far. One day, in reply to her rude silence, Stephen said: "Very well, child, if that's your game, I'll play it with you. Except when other people are present, not a word do I speak to you until you have first spoken to me."

She knew he would abide by that. He was a monster. She hated him. She loathed him (so she said to herself).

That night, in the agony of her distress, she had dreamed a dream. She dreamed that a stranger came to the house. The details were vague, but the stranger had travelled many miles over water. She could not see him distinctly, but she knew that he was quite bald. In spite of his baldness, he inspired her with sympathy. He understood her, praised her costumes, and treated a woman as a woman ought to be treated. Then, somehow or other, he was making love to her, the monster Stephen being absent. She was shocked by his making love to her, and she moved a little further off him on the sofa (he had sat down by her on a vague sort of sofa in a vague sort of room); but still she was thrilled, and she could not feel as wicked as she felt she ought to feel. Then the dream became hazy; it became hazy at the interesting point of her answer to the love-making. A later stage was very clear. Something was afoot between the monster Stephen and the stranger in the dining-room, and she was locked out of the dining-room. It was Christmas night. She knocked frantically at the door, and at last forced it open, and Stephen was lying in the middle of the floor; the table had been pushed into a corner. "I killed him quite by accident," said the stranger affably. And then he seized her by the hand and ruthlessly dragged her away, away, away; and they travelled in trains and ships and trains, and they came to a very noisy, clanging sort of city—and Vera woke up. It had been a highly realistic dream, and it made a deep impression on Vera.

Can one wonder that Vera's heart, being a superstitious little heart, like all our hearts, should leap when the very next day Stephen turned up with a completely unexpected stranger from New York? Of course, dreams are nonsense! Of course! Still——

She did not know whether to rejoice or mourn over the fact that Mr. Bittenger was not bald. He was decidedly un-bald; he had a glorious shock of chestnut hair. That hair of his naturally destroyed any possible connection with the dream None the less the coincidence was bizarre.

II.

That evening, before dinner, Vera, busy in her chamber beautifying her charms for the ravishment of men from New York, waited with secret anxiety for the arrival of Stephen in his dressing-room. And whereas she usually closed the door between the bedroom and the dressing-room, on this occasion she carefully left it wide open. Stephen came at last. And she waited, listening to his movements in the dressing room. Not a word! She made brusque movements in the bedroom to attract his attention; she even dropped a brush on the floor. Not a word! After a few moments, she actually ventured into the dressing-room. Stephen was wiping his face, and he glanced at her momentarily over the towel, which hid his nose and mouth. Not a word! And how hard was the monster's glance! She felt that Stephen was one of your absurd literal persons. He had said that he would not speak to her until she had first spoken to him—that was to say in private—public performances did not count. And he would stick to his text, no matter how deliciously she behaved!

She left the dressing-room in haste. Very well! Very well! If Stephen wished for war, he should have it. Her grievance against him grew into something immense. Before, it had been nothing but a kind of two-roomed cottage. She now erected it into a Town Hall, with imposing portals, and many windows and rich statuary, and suite after suite of enormous rooms, and marble staircases, and lifts that went up and down. She wished she had never married him. She wished that Mr. Bittenger *had* been bald.

At dinner everything went with admirable smoothness. Mr. Bittenger sat betwixt them. And utmost politeness reigned. In their quality of well-bred hosts, they both, endeavoured to keep Mr. Bittenger at his ease despite their desolating quarrel; and they entirely

"That night, in the agony of her distress, she had dreamed a dream"

succeeded. As the champagne disappeared (and it was not Stephen that drank it), Mr. Bittenger became more than at his ease. He was buyer for an important firm of earthenware dealers in New York (Vera had suspected as much—these hospitalities to American buyers are an essential part of business in the Five Towns), and he related very drolly the series of chances or mischances that had left him stranded in England at that season so unseasonable for buying. Vera reflected upon the series of chances or mischances, and upon her dream of the man from over the long miles of water. Of course, dreams are nonsense. . . . But still——

The conversation passed to the topic of Stephen's health, as conversations in Stephen's house had a habit of doing. Mr. Bittenger listened with grave interest.

"I know, I know!" said Mr. Bittenger. "I used to be exactly the same. I guess I understand how you feel—*some!* Don't I?"

"And you are cured?" Stephen demanded, eagerly, as he nibbled at dry toast.

"You bet I'm cured!" said Mr. Bittenger.

"You must tell me about that," said Stephen, and added, "some time to-night." He did not care to discuss the bewildering internal economy of the human frame at his dinner-table. There were details . . . and Mr. Bittenger was in a mood that it was no exaggeration to describe as gay.

Shortly afterwards, there arose a discussion as to their respective ages. They coquetted for a few moments, as men invariably will, each diffident about giving away the secret, each asserting that the other was younger than himself.

"Well," said Mr. Bittenger to Vera, at length, "what age should you give me?"

"I—I should give you five years less than Stephen," Vera replied.

"And may I ask just how old you are?" Mr. Bittenger put the question at close range to Stephen, and hit him full in the face with it.

"I'm forty," said Stephen.

"So am I!" said Mr. Bittenger.

"Well, you don't look it," said Stephen.

"Sure!" Mr. Bittenger admitted, pleased.

"My husband's hair is turning grey," said Vera, "while yours——"

"Turning grey!" exclaimed Mr. Bittenger. "I wish mine was. I'd give five thousand dollars to-day if mine was."

"But why——?" Vera smiled.

"Look here, my dear lady," said Mr. Bittenger, in a peculiar voice, putting down his glass.

And with a swift movement he lifted a wig of glorious chestnut hair from his head—just lifted it for an instant, and dropped it. The man was utterly and completely bald.

III.

Vera did nothing foolish. She neither cried, screamed, turned deadly pale, clenched her fragile hands, bit her lips till the blood came, smashed a wine-glass, nor fell with a dull thud senseless to the floor. Nevertheless, she was extremely perturbed by this astounding revelation of Mr. Bittenger's. Of course, dreams are nonsense. But still—— The truth is, one tries to believe that dreams are nonsense, and up to a certain point one may succeed in believing. But it seemed to Vera that circumstances had passed that point. She could not but admit, also, that if the dream went on being fulfilled, within forty-eight hours Mr. Bittenger would have made love to her, and would have killed her husband.

She was so incensed against Stephen that she really could not decide whether she wanted the dream to be fulfilled or not. No one would have imagined that that soft breast could conceal a homicidal thought. Yet so it was. That pretty and delightful woman, wandering about in the edifice of her terrific grievance against Stephen, could not say positively to herself that she would not care to have Stephen killed as a punishment for his sins.

After dinner, she found an excuse for retiring. She must think the puzzle out in solitude. Matters were really going too far. She allowed it to be understood that she was indisposed. Mr. Bittenger was full of sorrow and sympathy. But did Stephen show the slightest concern? Stephen did not. She went upstairs, and she meditated, stretched on the sofa at the foot of the bed, a rug over her knees and the fire glinting on her face. Yes, it was her duty as a Christian, if not as an outraged wife, to warn Stephen that the shadow of death was creeping up behind him. He ought at least to be warned. But how could she warn him? Clearly she could not warn him in the presence of Mr. Bittinger, the prospective murderer. She would, therefore, have to warn him when they were alone. And that meant that she would have to give way in the great conjugal sulking match. No, never! It was impossible that she should give way there! She frowned desperately at the leaping flames, and did ultimately decide that Stephen's death was preferable to her defeat in that contest. Of such is human nature.

After all, dreams were nonsense.

Surely Stephen would come upstairs to inquire about her health, her indisposition? But no! He came not. And, as he continued not to come, she went downstairs again and proclaimed that she was better.

And then she learned that she had been worrying herself to no purpose whatever. Mr. Bittinger was leaving on the morrow, the morrow being Christmas Eve. Stephen would drive him to Bursley in the morning. He would go to the Five Towns Hotel to get his baggage, and catch the Liverpool express at noon. He had booked a passage on the *Saxonia*, which sailed at three-thirty o'clock. Thus he would spend his Christmas at sea; and, spending his Christmas at sea, he could not possibly kill Stephen in the village of Sneyd on Christmas night.

Relief! And yet a certain vague regret in the superstitious little heart! The little heart went to bed again. And Stephen and the stranger stayed up talking very late—doubtless about the famous cure.

The leave-taking the next morning increased the vague regret. Mr. Bittinger was the possessor of an attractive individuality, and Vera pondered upon its attractiveness far into the afternoon. How nicely Mr. Bittinger had thanked her for her gracious hospitality—with what meaning he had charged the expression of his deep regret at leaving her!

"After interminable suspense, Stephen came into the drawing-room. A singular apparition! He was coatless, and the extremities of his long arms were bulged out with cream-coloured boxing-gloves. She sprang at him and kissed him"
BY S. SPURRIER

After all, dreams *were* nonsense.

She was sitting in the bow-window of the drawing-room, precisely as she had been sitting twenty-four hours previously, when whom should she see, striding masculinely along the drive towards the house, but Mr. Bittinger!

This time she was much more perturbed even than she had been by the revelation of Mr. Bittenger's baldness.

After all——

She uprose, the blood having rushed to her head, and retreated she knew not whither, blindly, without a purpose. And she found herself in a little morning-room, which was scarcely ever used, at the end of the hall. She had not shut the door. And Mr. Bittenger, having been admitted by a servant, caught sight of her, and breezily entered her retreat, clad in his magnificent furs.

And as he doffed the furs, he gaily told her what had happened. Owing to difficulties with the Cheswardine mare on the frosty, undulating road between Sneyd and Bursley, and owing to delays with his baggage at the Five Towns Hotel, he had just missed the Liverpool express, and, therefore, the steamer also. He had returned to Stephen's manufactory. Stephen had insisted that he should spend his Christmas with them. And, in brief, there he was. He had walked from Bursley. Stephen, kept by business, was coming later, and so was some of the baggage.

Mr. Bittenger's face radiated joy. The loss of his twenty-guinea passage on the *Saxonia* did not appear to cause him the least regret.

And he sat down by the side of Vera.

And Vera suddenly noticed that they were on a sofa—the sofa of her dream—and she fancied she recognised the room.

"You know, my dear lady," said Mr. Bittenger, looking her straight in the eyes, "I'm just *glad* I missed my steamer. It gives me the chance to spend a Christmas in England, and in your delightful society—your delightful society——" He gazed at her, without adding to the sentence.

If this was not love-making on a sofa, what could be?

Mr. Bittenger had certainly missed the Liverpool express on purpose. Of that Vera was convinced. Or, if he had not missed it on purpose, he had missed it under the dictates of the mysterious power of the dream. Those people who chose to believe that dreams are nonsense were at liberty to do so.

IV.

So that in spite of Vera's definite proclamation that there should be no Christmassing in her house that year, Christmassing there emphatically was. Impossible to deny anything to Mr. Bittenger! Mr. Bittenger wanted holly, the gardener supplied it. Mr. Bittenger wanted mistletoe, a bunch of it was brought home by Stephen in the dogcart. Mr. Bittenger could not conceive an English Christmas without turkey, mince-pies, plum-pudding, and all the usual indigestiveness. Vera, speaking in a voice which seemed somehow not to be hers, stated that these necessaries of Christmas life would be produced, and Stephen did not say that the very thought of a mince-tart made him ill. Even the English weather, which, it is notorious, has of late shown a sad disposition to imitate, and even to surpass, in mildness the weather of the Riviera at Christmas, decided to oblige Mr. Bittenger. At nightfall on Christmas Eve it began to snow gently, but steadily—fine, frozen snow. And the waits, consisting of boys and girls from the Countess of Chell's celebrated Institute close by, came and sang in the garden in the falling snow, by the light of a lantern. And Mr. Bittenger's heart was as full as it could hold of English Christmas.

As for Vera's heart, it was full of she knew not what. Mr. Bittenger's attitude towards her grew more and more chivalrous. He contrived to indicate that he regarded all the years he had spent before making the acquaintance of Vera as so many years absolutely wasted. And Stephen did not seem to care.

They retired to rest that evening up a staircase whose banisters the industrious hands of Mr. Bittinger had entwined with holly and paper festoons, and bade each other good-night, and wished each other a merry Christmas with immense fervour; but in the conjugal chamber Stephen maintained his policy of implacable silence. And, naturally, Vera maintained hers. Could it be expected of her that she should yield? The fault was all Stephen's. He ought to have taken her to "The Bear," Switzerland. Then there would have been no dream, no Mr. Bittinger, and no danger. But as things were, within twenty-four hours he would be a dead man.

And throughout Christmas Day Vera, beneath the gaiety with which she met the vivacious sallies of Mr. Bittinger, waited in horrible suspense for the dream to fulfil itself. Stephen alone observed her agitated condition. Stephen said to himself: "The quarrel is getting on her nerves. She'll yield before she's a day older. It will do her good. Then I'll make it up to her handsomely. But she must yield first."

He little knew that he was standing on the edge of the precipice of death.

The Christmas dinner succeeded admirably; and Stephen, in whom courage was seldom lacking, ate half a mince-pie. The day was almost over. No premature decease had so far occurred. And when both the men said that, if Vera permitted, they would come with her at once to the drawing-room and smoke there, Vera decided that after all dreams were nonsense. She entered the drawing-room first, and Mr. Bittenger followed her, with Stephen behind; but just as Stephen was crossing the mat the gardener, holding a parcel in his hands and looking rather strange there in the hall, spoke to him. And Stephen stopped and called to Mr. Bittenger. And the drawing-room door was closed upon Vera.

She waited, solitary, for an incredible space of time, and then, having heard unaccustomed and violent sounds in the distance, she could contain herself no longer, and she rang the bell.

"Louisa," she demanded of the parlourmaid, "where is your master?"

"Oh, ma'am," replied Louisa, giggling—a little license was surely permissible to the girl on Christmas night—"Oh, ma'am, there's such a to-do! Tinsley has just brought some boxing-gloves, and master and Mr. Bittenger have got their coats off in the dining-room. And they've had the table pushed up by the

(*Continued on page 511*)

HEALTH and HOLIDAYS.

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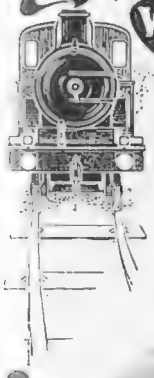

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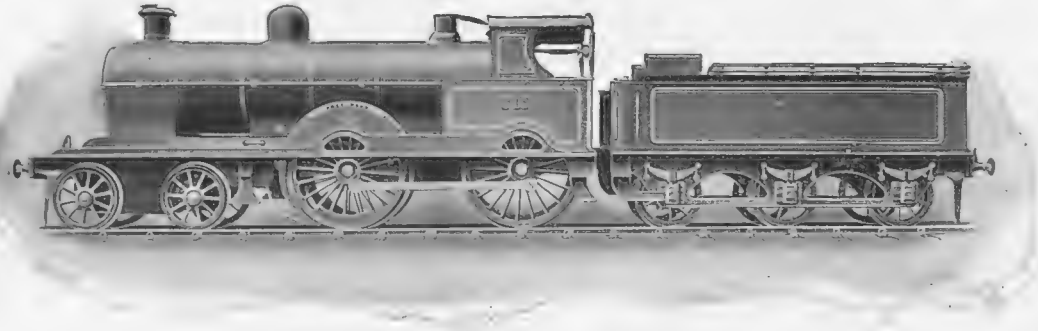

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(Continued from page 508)

door, and you never saw such a set-out in all your life, ma'am."

Vera dismissed Louisa.

There it was—the dream! They were going to box. Mr. Bittenger was doubtless an expert, and she knew that Stephen was not. A chance blow by Mr. Bittenger in some vital part, and Stephen would be lying stretched in eternal stillness in the middle of the dining room floor where the table ought to be! The life of the monster was at stake! The life of the brute was in her hands! The dream was fulfilling itself to the point of tragedy!

She jumped up and rushed to the dining-room door. It would not open. Again, the dream!

"You can't come in," cried Stephen, laughing. "Wait a bit."

She pushed against the door, working the handle.

She was about to insist upon the door being opened, when the idea of the danger of such a proceeding occurred to her. In the dream, when she got the door opened, her husband's death had already happened!

Frantically she ran to the kitchen.

"Louisa," she ordered. "Go into the garden and tap at the dining-room window, and tell your master that I must speak to him at once in the drawing-room."

And, in a pitiable state of excitation, she returned to the drawing-room.

After another interminable period of suspense, her ear caught the sound of the opening of doors, and then Stephen came into the drawing-room. A singular apparition! He was coatless, as Louisa had said, and the extremities of his long arms were bulged out with cream-coloured boxing-gloves.

She sprang at him and kissed him.

"Steve," she said, "are we friends?"

"I should think we were!" he replied, returning her kiss heartily. He had won.

"What are you doing?" she asked him.

"Bittenger and I are just going to have a real round with the gloves. It's part of his cure for my indigestion, you know. He says there's nothing like it. I've only just been able to get the gloves. Tinsley brought them up just now. And so we sort of thought we'd like to have a go at once."

"Why wouldn't you let me into the dining-room?"

"My child, the table was up against the door. And I fancied, perhaps, you wouldn't be exactly charmed, so I——"

"Stephen," she said, in her most persuasive voice, "will you do something to please me?"

"What is it?"

"Will you?"

A pause.

"Yes, certainly."

"Don't box to-night."

"Oh—well! What will Bittenger think?"

Another pause.

"Never mind! You don't want me to box, really?"

"I don't want you to box—not to-night."

"Agreed, my chuck!" And he kissed her again. He could well afford to be magnanimous.

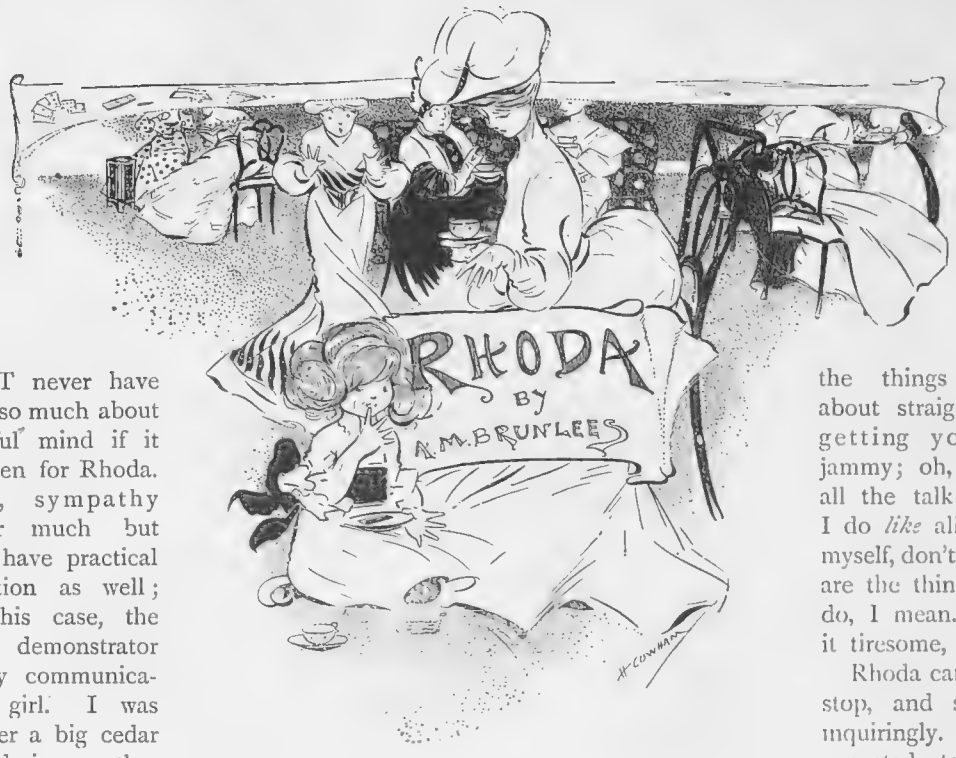
Mr. Bittenger ploughed the seas alone to New York.

But supposing that Vera had not interfered, what would have happened? That is the unanswerable query which torments the superstitious little brain of Vera.

ARNOLD BENNETT.

Literature up to date

"We had a most successful evening last night at the new Literary Club"
"What did you do?"
"We discussed the woman who recently moved across the street, and—oh, er—Longfellow" [DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD



ILLUSTRATED BY HILDA COWHAM

I MIGHT never have known so much about the youthful mind if it had not been for Rhoda. Of course, sympathy counts for much but you must have practical demonstration as well; and, in this case, the practical demonstrator was a very communicative little girl. I was sitting under a big cedar tree, wondering, rather dolefully, why I had asked a small maiden of eight to spend the afternoon with me, and what I was going to do with her. She had warned me from the first that she was "a queer little thing."

"Most people *says* so, and they must know?" she demanded, wistfully.

Apparently, the burden of originality presses heavily, even at eight.

"So you believe in the opinion of the majority, or, rather, in the intuitive genius of the majority," I replied, anxious to evade a difficult question.

Rhoda stood quite still, her hands thrust deep into the pockets of her reefer jacket, and her frank grey eyes fixed wonderingly on my face. Doubtless, the problem sounded dry and obscure, for she gave it up in a few minutes without questioning.

"Do you like new frocks?" she inquired, with brisk interest.

Rhoda had taken in a quantity of theories from the outside world and her grown-up relations, and elaborated these speculations in her own way. The consequence was, that when they emerged again, from her young experience, they presented features which would have rendered them quite unrecognisable to those responsible for their origin.

"There's Society," she informed me, among her philosophical musings. "Do you like it? I don't. It's so pretencing, and telling lies. It says: 'Do let me persuade you to stay a little longer,' when it doesn't want it—I mean when *she* doesn't want it—at least, you *know* what I mean," getting inextricably wound up in the complications of her own thoughts and the English language.

"I quite understand."

Rhoda gave a hasty nod of satisfaction. "What was I saying? Oh, I know—about Society. Then it's so tiresome; there are such lots of things you can't do when you are there—I mean *in it*. Like swinging your legs, and kicking the chairs, and saying the things you think about straight out, and getting your fingers jammy; oh, and having all the talk to yourself; I do *like* all the talk to myself, don't you? Those are the things you can't do, I mean. It makes it tiresome, doesn't it?"

Rhoda came to a dead stop, and surveyed me inquiringly. I felt I was expected to put in a remark.

"Well, it may be a bit tiresome. Still, the things in your list aren't quite desirable—under the circumstances you were mentioning, of course."

"Shall I tell you the way they do Society in nurseries?" demanded Rhoda, with animation; "it's ever so much more sensibler."

I felt I was progressing. Apparently, for the satisfaction of this small maiden (who did like all the talk to herself), a few, more or less intelligent, remarks, slipped into the pauses, was all that was required. It was an easy payment for my desire to discover what was hidden in the childish brain.

"I shall be delighted to hear about the nurseries," I said politely.

"Well," pursued Rhoda, pausing to caress an obnoxious-looking frog she had caught in the midst of the conversation, "I'll tell you. I suppose though, you wouldn't tell anyone? It's one of the secrets. There are so many secrets," she added, with a sigh. "When Society comes to see you in the nursery," she continued, "you don't go on a bit like Society downstairs does."

"If you knew them 'middling,' you'd say "Hullo!"

(*Continued on page 415*)

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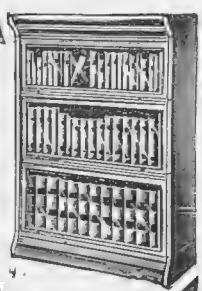

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(Continued from page 512)

"And what does 'go on' mean?"

"Oh, saying things like—'Delighted to see you'; and 'So glad you could come'; and 'Hope you're quite well'; and all that. I forget what you call it. Harry did tell me. Oh, I know—'bun-kum.' Yes, that's it; *bun-kum*. Well, you don't do any bun-kum, and you don't——"

Rhoda's picture was getting distressingly negative.

"What *do* you do then? What would you say to the little visitors first?"

"That *depends*," said Rhoda. "If you knew them *middling*, p'raps you'd say 'hullo'; if you knew them *well*, you'd say something about last time you saw them, like 'Have you broken that top yet?' or 'Did you get into an awful row about the cherry-tree?' or 'I told you the caterpillar would get out of the blue cardboard box, and it *has*.' And, if you didn't know them at all, I expect you'd shake hands, 'cos nurses mostly make you. Then you'd say nofing."

"What an interesting remark. How long would it last?"

"Not very long. You see, when strange children come, you do feel shy *at first*. So you just look at each other a good bit till it goes off. Then you'd say something such as, 'How old are you?' and 'What's your name?' and 'Do you keep anything at home, like cats, or dogs, or guinea-pigs?'"

"I see. Well, I do really think it's rather a nice form of introduction."

"I'm s'prised at that."

"Really," I said, with an air of humility.

"Well, you see," Rhoda explained, "grown-ups are generally so stupid, and ——" She stopped abruptly, while her freckled face became suffused with a sudden rush of pink.

"I hope I'm not being unpolite," she exclaimed hastily. "Mother said I'd better be polite, and I should *like* to be."

She made a picturesque little figure, standing in front of me, in her dark sailor dress, her hands once more thrust deep into her jacket pockets; her head thrown well back, the untidy tangle of fluffy, light brown hair falling over her face; and the red tam 'o shanter, making a bright spot of colour, perched very much on the side of her head.

"It's when we are in bed, at nights, and we mustn't talk, and there's only a night-light"

She was not a pretty little girl: the freckles were much too abundant for beauty; and her features didn't match each other. Even the big grey eyes, which might indeed make a claim to beauty, had a way of screwing themselves up, and wriggling themselves about so much, when she was amused—and she was very often amused—that the small, laughing piece of them that remained visible, was *very* small indeed.

"Demanded an instructive lecture on the best method of keeping poultry"

Presently, she stretched out her hands to me.

"Get up," she said, "I mean, would you like to walk round? *I* should. When I go to a place, I do like to see it *all*, don't you?"

Certainly, I think she did "see it all"; for she peeped into every nook and cranny; examined each flowering plant, and tree, and vegetable, and bird, and insect; and demanded an instructive lecture on the best method of keeping poultry, and killing pigs. After that, she got inextricably wound up, both practically and theoretically, by endeavouring to teach the coachman the best way to harness the pony.

"I call this *very* interesting," she said, emerging, hot and untidy, from the stable.

We reached a grassy bank that looked cool and inviting. The child flung herself down upon it.

"I'm tired of walking," she said, "and so hot. Let's talk again. I s'pose you don't make stories, do you?"

"How did you know that?"

"I didn't know. I said, I s'posed you *didn't*. Grown-up people don't. But *I* make them, lots and lots."

"Well, since you ask me, I do also—in spite of being grown up."

"Really," said Rhoda, meditatively. "How *very* interesting."

"Well," I replied, "I hope they are. Of course, they are meant to be. When I write them——"

"Oh, you *writes* them. I don't. I just put mine in my head. It's much the best plan."

"Only," I said, "written stories have this advantage. Other people can read them. It may not invariably *be* an advantage, but authors usually consider it so."

"Other people," exclaimed Rhoda, aghast. "Then aren't your stories very secret?"

I laughed.

"I'm sure I hope not. When you write for publication (that means, your stories appear in magazines, or are made into books, Rhoda), it isn't exactly secret, is it?"

"Oh," said Rhoda, "you make *books*. I call that rather stupid. Still, it's nice of you to do stories

anyway," she added condescendingly. "But I'll tell you about mine. P'raps you'll see then that the secret ones *are* the best."

"I shall be delighted to consider both sides of the question. So *your* stories are secret?"

"Oh, very; though sometimes I tell Jessie. It's when we are in bed, at nights, and we mustn't talk, and there's only a night-light; and not having to talk makes you able to tell secrets better."

"Oh, I see! But tell me," I continued, "about your stories. When, now, do you compose them?"

"Mostly at night, or when I'm all by myself. Or, sometimes when we go for walks—on the days we talk French, that is, because then, we don't talk at all."

"And your method?" I inquired gravely.

"I'll first shut my eyes," returned Rhoda, "and think, and *think*, and THINK. Most generally, I think about a little girl, with blue eyes and fair curls—like little girls in books *are*, you know. Then, all the rest comes."

"Rhoda," I said, "I'm going to tell you a secret. I'm sure you will keep it very nicely for me. This year I am writing a book of children's stories. Now, I want your advice."

Rhoda was prompt in her undertakings, and she usually undertook everything that was suggested to her with the greatest energy and confidence.

"I should make the short stories rather long," she began, with ready counsel, and a fine dash of hibernianism. "You see, when children just get interested in other children, and the other children *stop*, it's so disappointing. It's like asking little girls to tea, and they don't come till four o'clock."

"I see. There is something in that. I'll make a note of it."

"And *all* the little girls would be pretty." This was said decisively.

"But isn't that rather hard on the ugly little girls," I ventured. "Some of them *are* so nice."

"Not in books," maintained Rhoda. "Couldn't you make the boys ugly? They wouldn't matter," she demanded, hopefully.

At this moment a servant came up.

"If you please, m'am, there's someone come for Miss Rhoda. And Miss Rhoda was not to keep her waiting, as it's getting late."

"I can't go *now*, just when I'm being *useful*," Rhoda objected, with a note of righteous indignation in her high-pitched voice.

"Yes, Rhoda," I said, firmly; "you must. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll send those stories round for you to criticise."

* * *

I am very fond of Rhoda; but I'm bound to say that she mangled and distorted my MSS. in a way that rends the heart of an author. She substituted words, she added words, she crossed out words. She also wrote a variety of comments and criticisms on my margins, in a very ill-spelt, incoherent, manner. Time forbids my mentioning them all, for they were extremely numerous, but the following are some examples:

"Don't make them have cake, they'd like jam far better."

"The little girl mustn't die. People in books should never die till they are grown up and don't matter."

"I wouldn't let Cyril have the pony; he was such a sneak."

"Couldn't her curls be long?"

"This story is horrid. I should leave it out."

"At parties, children *are* supposed to start on bread and butter; but as this was such a very nice one, I should not mention it."

I felt rather cross at first. "I *did* think she would make her comments on a separate piece of paper," I grumbled. "Now I shall have to re-copy all this." Then I laughed. "Well! it was my own fault." So I substituted jam for the cake, omitted the bread and butter at the party, and made one or two other trifling alterations.

Then I wrote to Rhoda.

She replied, informing me that she was glad I liked some of her remarks; and that she hoped I didn't think her writing very bad.

* * *

"Rhoda," I said, the other day (she is a big girl now), "you remember that book of stories you corrected?"

Rhoda laughed and blushed.

"It was a great success," I said.

Rhoda laughed again.

"Well, I'm glad you didn't let me spoil it," she said. A. M. BRUNLEES.

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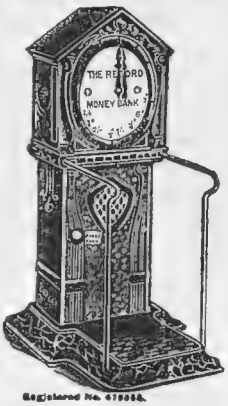

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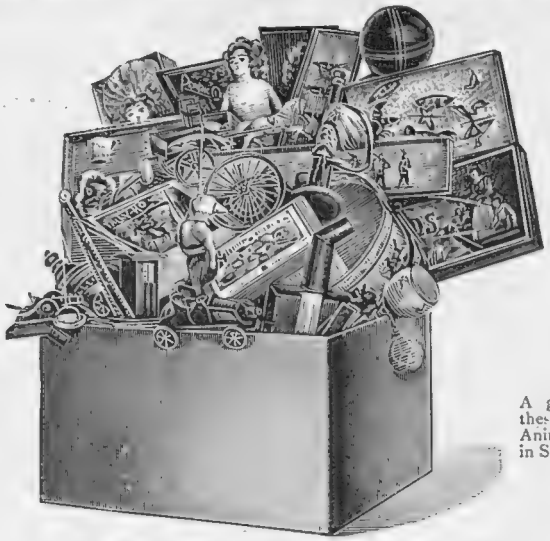

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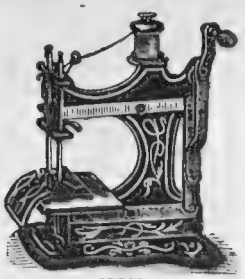

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The Perils of Wire

Judging by the number of accidents brought about by wire already this season, it is much to be feared that the deadly stuff is being more plentifully used than ever before in those countries where no properly organised effort is made by hunting people to get it removed. Even when such an effort is made, there is always the danger of a strand being left unheeded and forgotten in a fence, where nobody dreams of finding it until some unfortunate horseman comes badly to grief. Farmers are often willing enough to meet the Hunt in the matter of taking down their wire during the season, but the work is sometimes not done so carefully as it should be, and it is precisely at those places where wire is undesignedly left standing that the worst accidents occur, for the danger is altogether unexpected. Obviously, therefore, care in this direction is imperative; otherwise there is perpetual menace to life and limb. The fatal accident to Mr. G. J. Dumville Lees, a fortnight ago, points more clearly to the perils of wire than a volume of words could do.

Reynard (in the box) on his way to the meet!!
One of the servants of the Biarritz Foxhounds—a typical Basque—on his way with the fox to be let loose at the meet. Foxes are bought, at the rate of five francs apiece, from the peasants

Sir W. Eden on the Growing Evil

Sir William Eden, who, a few days since, called attention to the increase of wire in the Marquis of Zetland's country, predicts, indeed, the end of the sport in that district unless something can be done to check the growth of this obnoxious fencing. He is one who can speak with authority on the state of hunting, past and present, in Durham and the North Riding, for he has ridden with many packs, and for a long time was Master of the South Durham Hounds. Good sport, too, he showed, and was always with his hounds, especially when riding that good dun horse Bailiff, who carried him for seven seasons without a fall. The last time Sir William rode him was in a grand gallop of two hours, but he did not see the finish, because the gallant old horse broke down. The rider's feelings at missing the end were expressed so forcibly that, as he himself has put it, "the grass has never grown in that field since."

South Durham Yarns

Apropos of the South Durham country, a quaint story is told of a yokel who, while riding his humble moke home from market, suddenly found himself not far from the hounds in full cry. It happened to be an extremely wet day, and ere long the pack checked at the end of a lane which was a veritable quagmire. A member of the Hunt observed the yokel poking about in the bottomless mud with a stick. "Have you lost something, my man," he said. "Lost summat!" said the disconsolate owner, "ar hae that! A'rs seeking for a cuddy and a sack o' flour!" Another yarn is told by Mr. Richard Ord, formerly Master of the pack and now honorary secretary, who was so fond of meeting at Bishopton village during his tenure of the leadership, that he once advertised a meet for Good Friday. A few days later he received a note from the Vicar of Bishopton, a thoroughly good sportsman, to this effect: "One of my Sunday School teachers asked one of his scholars yesterday, in Bishopton School, 'What happens on Good Friday?' The answer came, 'The hounds meet at Bishopton!'"

Good Sport with the O.B.H. (West)

The Old Berkeley (West) Hounds do not escape those difficulties which must beset every pack hunting in a country largely devoted to game preservation; but they, at least, have the advantage of including in their domains a portion of the delightful Vale of Aylesbury. Moreover, the hounds just now are in the very capable hands of Mr. Robert Leadbetter, who turns out the Hunt in first-rate style. His term of office has been very successful so far, and the large fields attracted to the meets testify to the popularity of the Hunt. The gathering at Marlow Town Hall on the

24th ult., as depicted in our illustrations, was one of the most important of the season, but the subsequent sport did not beat that which was enjoyed after the meet at Little Kimble a few days previously. The first run lasted for seventy-five minutes, over a good open country, hounds running their fox to ground near Ellsborough Church. Their second fox, found in Kimblewick Gorse, they ran for an hour and twenty minutes over the cream of their country, and pulled him down in a garden at Hartwell. The day was voted one of the best for a long time past with the O.B.H. (West).

Bloodhound Characteristics

While in appearance the grandest, the noblest, the most formidable of all breeds of dogs, the bloodhound, has undeservedly suffered in the popular imagination. Ever since the Maroons in Jamaica were subdued by their aid, and even before that time, the bloodhound has been associated with horrible ferocity. Some people still cherish the idea that he will tear his victim limb from limb when he has tracked him down. Visions of runaway slaves being hunted to their doom are readily conjured up, and even in this enlightened age there are folk who shudder when they hear that the services of the bloodhound are to be requisitioned to track down a fugitive criminal. The supposition that the hound will mangle or do any damage to the fugitive is pure nonsense. He is exceptionally even-tempered, slow to arouse to fury, and will certainly not do the smallest harm to the man whom he overtakes unless he is himself attacked.

The Recent Field Trials

The annual man-hunting trials of the Bloodhound Hunt Club were held a few days ago on Salisbury Plain, but for several reasons were not so successful as usual. There was no performance to compare favourably with the best achieved at previous gatherings. A well-trained hound, bred from hunting stock, will not have much difficulty in hunting a line eight to twelve hours cold; indeed, one hound recently got on to the scent of a poor woman sixty-three hours after she had disappeared, and traced her to the river, in which her body was subsequently found. The bloodhound can travel fast, too, and Mrs. Oliphant's pack (which were not fully represented at the recent trials, owing to illness in the kennel) have accomplished twelve miles in six minutes over the hour. They carried the scent down the main street, on the pavement, of the town of Andover, and ran into their quarry in the livery yard of the Star Hotel. It may be mentioned that the chief objects of the Bloodhound Hunt Club are to encourage the breeding of typical well-balanced hounds, and to develop the hunting instincts of the breed, principally by means of these field trials. A. W. C.

Photo *Lafayette*

A Fortunate Cricketer

Tyldesley, the Lancashire cricketer, has just received a cheque for £3,105 as the proceeds of the Lancashire *v.* Yorkshire match, which was set apart for his benefit in August last

GAMES AND PASTIMES

A Nice Little Cheque

It is, perhaps, in accordance with the fitness of things that there should be nearly as much "glorious uncertainty" about a cricketer's benefit as there is about the noble game itself. Some professionals are as lucky with their benefits as they deserve to be; others are not. J. T. Tyldesley, the popular Lancashire professional, comes in the former category, and no one will grudge him his good fortune. The nice little cheque for £3,105, which he received the other day, was a record benefit for Lancashire, and was, as the Lancashire Committee said in a message which they sent with the money, "a tribute by the cricketing public to the splendid services he had rendered to Lancashire cricket."

England's Chances for Saturday

I am inclined to be optimistic about the chances of the English Rugby team against the South Africans on Saturday. Of course, it is always more or less of a toss-up how an International team will turn out, because it is virtually a scratch team; but the side selected to play against Scotland last year turned out a topper, and we have something more than the remains of it to represent us next Saturday. I think it may safely be assumed that we have got the better set of forwards, and my hope is that our forwards will be allowed to do some attacking on their own, and not ordered to heel the ball whenever they get it. Experience has shown that the South Africans are most formidable in the early stages of the game, and I believe that on that account it should be our policy to confine the play, at the start at any rate, to that department in which they are weakest rather than risk a trial of strength between the backs, in which our side *may* come off second best.

The Failure of the "Foot-Up" Rule

The London Society of Rugby Union Referees have lately been devoting their attention to the question of "feet-up in the scrummage," and to the obvious difficulty of giving effect to the law relating thereto. But the "foot-up" rule was instituted (as a necessary part of the tinkering process) in order to render the present method of putting the ball into the scrummage possible. If the present law (or rather convention) as to the putting of the ball into the scrummage is retained without its admittedly unsatisfactory corollary as to "feet-up," I cannot quite see how the ball will ever be got into the scrummage at all. If the rule can be dispensed with, it should simplify the referee's task considerably, and also do away with one very strong temptation to steal a march upon him.

Out with the Old Berkeley (West)

THE WELL-KNOWN HUNT HAS A RECORD RUN IN THE VALE

Off to the draw on a misty morning

Mr. R. Leadbetter, Master of the Old Berkeley (West) Foxhounds

The Old Berkeley (West) pack, with the huntsman, J. Dawson

These hounds had a record run in the Vale of Aylesbury recently, comprising an hour and twenty minutes over the cream of the country

Tracked Down!

BLOODHOUND TRIALS ON SALISBURY PLAIN

(1) Mrs. Ashton Cross's Nome (winner of the sing'es and doubles in the trials) and Hercules of Alderbourne

(2) Mr. G. A. J. Oliphant, the Secretary of the Bloodhound Hunt Club

(3) How the hound announces the discovery of his "victim"

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Judges and spectators at Knighton Down Flags aff

The annual trials of the Bloodhound Hunt Club were held recently on Salisbury Plain. Owing to illness in the Chatley Kennels, the entries were not quite so numerous as usual, but the meeting, nevertheless, provoked great interest. The "victim" to be tracked leaves his scent on a flag, and is given a good start, and the hound, after "nosing" the flag, then hits off the trail, and hunts down his man

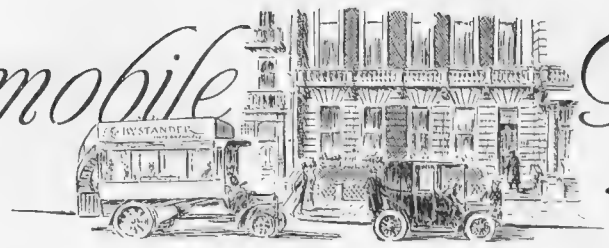
The Spirit of Christmas,
(as seen by a Scoffer)

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

They call thee Father Christmas, whiskered, worn, and wry,
Pah! Thou'rt a hapless harlequin, tumbling from the sky,
O'erwhelmed with wine and fatted fowl, with pudding, cake, and pie,
Quick, cast thy cargo, spread thy feast, and home to ghostland fly!

V. C.

Automobile Topics.



By DOUGLAS MILLER

Motor Literature

Very pleasant it is in the winter season, when the more active pleasures of motoring may not be enjoyed with that freedom which is one of the chief charms of the sport, to sit in one's own chair and recall the delights of past doings. Your veteran motorist, and indeed those whose experience is not of the ripest, finds unfailing pleasure in recounting in congenial and sympathetic society the history of early struggles and triumphs. Next, perhaps, to a recitation of personal achievement as source of satisfaction, must be placed the perusal of the story of the exploits of others, when these are not only of absorbing interest, but are told with charm and lucidity. Mr. Charles Jarrott, who is known by name, at least, to every motoring reader of THE BYSTANDER, has, in his "Ten Years of Motors and Motor Racing," just published by Mr. E. Grant Richards, compiled a book which, from cover to cover, does not contain one dull page. With becoming modesty, Mr. Jarrott remarks in his preface that when the idea of writing the book was suggested to him, he had no misgivings as to the interest of the subject, but felt considerable trepidation as to his ability to make it interesting to the general reader. These misgivings may now be allayed. Mr. Jarrott's book is one of the most important and entertaining contributions to the literature of automobilism we have yet seen, and comprises, in fact, not only a graphic history of the pioneer days, but a faithful narrative of most of the great International events which did so much to promote public interest in the motor movement. Told by a sportsman who has played so prominent a part therein, it is small wonder that their narration should prove captivating to a degree. There are chapters dealing with the very early days, and what may be termed the making of motor history; on experiences gained in such notable events as the Ardennes Circuit, the Paris-Vienna and Paris-Madrid races; on the Gordon Bennett contests, and those who took part in them; on the art of driving; and the pleasures and penalties of motoring. In addition, there are some delightfully pointed and entertaining reminiscences, and a forecast of what the future may have in store is also hazarded. The book is excellently illustrated, and may be highly commended as an invaluable adjunct to the library. While on the subject of books, mention may be made of "*The Motor* Manual," which, in cheap and compact form, contains a mass of useful information, which, if assimilated by the fireside, may be profitably employed on the road.

Car-icatures: IV.—Mr. Charles Jarrott
Who has just written an entertaining volume dealing with his ten years' experiences as a motorist
(DRAWN by A. P. F. RITCHIE)

* * *

The Mud Nuisance

Second only, perhaps, as an annoyance to the dust fiend is its successor — the mud nuisance that is now with us. There is, of course this great difference, that whereas dust occasions trouble to other users of and dwellers beside our highways and byways, and is not so much a source of trouble to the motorist, a displacement of mud is felt primarily by the car-owner, and more especially is this the case when, either through personal interest or from motives of economy, one endeavours to dispense with the services of the chauffeur. A friend who constantly drives a car to Town, and has not too much time at his disposal for cleaning up, has adopted the plan of fixing leather flaps to the front mud-guards. These hang down to within six inches of the ground, and do much to prevent the throwing up of dirt on to the bonnet and dash-board. These flaps are made of black enamelled calf leather, doubled with an inset piece of thick leather to give rigidity. The advantage of an enamelled surface on both sides is obvious, a very moderate application of water being sufficient to remove the thickest of mud coatings. Mr. G. F. Sharp, joint editor of *The Motor*, in dealing with dirt thrown up by the rear wheels, aptly remarks that the increasing adoption of the live axle, and consequent absence of chains, simplifies the task of keeping the tonneau clean in muddy weather. He also advocates the use of leather flaps, shaped to the mud-guard, riveted to the foot-board, and secured by the mud-guard stays. To fill in the gap between the frame of the car and the inner edge of the running-board with leather is also a good

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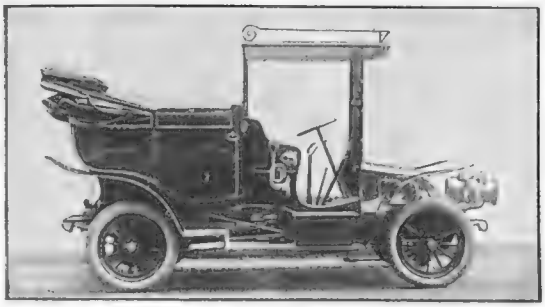

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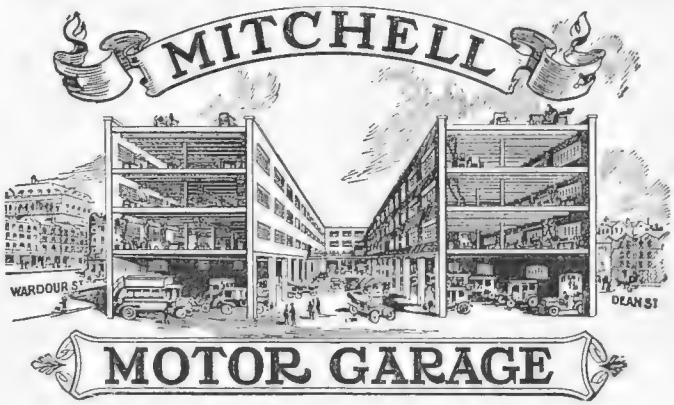

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plan to keep mud from brake-drum and springs; but in this case it is well to have the flaps detachable.

* * *

Business at Olympia

Although exhibitors at the recent Olympia Show could not be expected to furnish details of the volume of business transacted at the time, some particulars of great interest have since come to hand. It appears to be admitted on all sides that the Show was an unqualified success. As an instance of the widely spreading popularity of the automobile in foreign countries, it may be mentioned that the F.I.A.T. Company last week shipped cars to, among other places, Melbourne, the Argentine Republic, India, Siam, and Egypt. The same Company, during the exhibition, received an application for some spare parts for one of their cars located in such an out-of-the-way corner of the globe as Newfoundland.

Automobilism and the Drama

Like her husband, Mr. Seymour Hicks, Miss Ellaline Terriss is an enthusiastic motorist. She is here shown at the wheel of her new Beeston-Humber car

Half a dozen six-cylinder Napiers have just been exported to India, while the Daimler, Siddeley, and other prominent makes, have also been in great demand for exportation.

* * *

Miscellanea

Among steel-armoured non-skid tyres exhibited at Olympia, Continentals greatly exceeded those of any other make.—M. Santos Dumont has acquired a 100 h.-p. Antoinette motor of no less than sixteen cylinders for use in his new aeroplane. It weighs only 220 lb.—A company has been formed in Milan, with a capital of £80,000, to manufacture rubber from fruit.—Red flag abolished November, 1896. Cars registered November, 1906, 100,000.—High-water mark in attendance was reached at Olympia when 33,650 people passed the turnstiles on one day.—Great activity is being shown by the police between Brighton and Worthing. Motorists should exercise all due carefulness when driving between Coventry and St. Albans.—Over sixty per cent. of the cars exhibited at Olympia were fitted with the Gate system of change speed gear.—There were six six-cylinder engines exhibited at Olympia last year, and thirty-six this year.—The attendance at Olympia this year totalled 190,000 people, an increase over last year of 35,000.—The head-quarters of the Derby and District A.C. are now The Royal Hotel, Derby.—The 1,000 miles Australian non-stop run for the Dunlop Cup was won by a Darracq car of 12 h.-p., fitted with Continental tyres.—The De Dietrich car, which won the Circuit des Ardennes Cup, has been sold for £2,000. It will probably be used for racing purposes on the Weybridge motor track.—The committee of the Ormond Beach races, to be held next January, have decided to include a 200 miles International race in the programme.

"Britain's Best" for 1907

There are some important alterations in the well-known Rudge-Whitworth cycle guarantee for 1907, covering every detail of the machine, including tyres. In future the guarantee covers a considerably longer term of years. In the machines themselves perhaps the most important novelty is a new design of frame for the Aero-Specials and Specials in both ladies' and gentlemen's models, which, in the ladies' especially, has been found to give far steadier and easier running and steering, and completer freedom from vibration than ever before attained. The celebrated flush-joint all-steel frames are, of course, retained throughout, with detail improvements where possible. Entirely new processes of plating and enamelling have been adopted, the huge new works allowing room to treat these important departments with ample space and under conditions more favourable to permanence and rust resistance than ever before. Of speed gears, the Rudge-Whitworth range is a very complete one, and will be fitted to all machines, except the track racers. The new Rudge-Whitworth Catalogue is to be something resplendent, and every cyclist is advised to apply at once for a copy. It will be sent post free to all applicants, on January 1, until which date look around but order not!

To Insure Against Accidents Caused by
SKIDDING MOTOR-BUSES,
Readers should sign "The Bystander" £2,000 Accident Insurance Coupon. (See Wrapper.)

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

By Mrs. JACK MAY

That shopping is scarcely an enjoyable pursuit at the moment goes without saying, but it is so inevitable that grumbling is entirely superfluous, being merely time and energy wasted. So let us take a long breath and jump direct into the fray at

Messrs. John Barker, Kensington

Personal exigencies make us wondrous understanding. Trembling for an already strained banking account, I was escorted by a certain small person of my acquaintance to John Barker's Children's Bazaar the other day, and—well, I returned a poorer and wiser woman. From mechanical toys, I was ruthlessly dragged, *viâ* baby dolls, fairy dolls, lady dolls, to silver brushes and manicure cases. Truly, out of the mouths of the modern babes cometh much wisdom; five and a half years, pointing out, with the mind of a sage, the superior value of a guinea silver hair-brush and a comb at 14*s.* 3*d.*, to a complete toilet set at a cheaper rate, arrangements for next Christmas falling into this scheme, and being accepted, with the beautiful optimism of childhood, as a fact accomplished.

Frames we bought, silver and beautiful crushed morocco, gilt tooled, the latter, cabinet size, only 6*s.* 11*d.* But if they had been £6 it would have been all the same to my youthful guide and philosopher, who regards a penny and a pound as of the same purchasable value. Date calendars of every denomination fell before our sweeping shears, together with a silver-mounted leather shaving case, a similarly decorated bridge box, while we are still considering the possibilities of a tuckaway writing-table, replete with every particular of pockets and implements, and with a leather flap to disguise hasty discrepancies—a simply invaluable bedroom or small boudoir acquisition this last, as, when not in use, it stands in close unaggressive fashion by a wall. Until gradually, by a process of exhaustive inquiry, we arrived at the blouse department; and here I intimated, though with some trepidation, I intended to have a word to say. My small companion wearily acquiesced, and subsiding—with her black beaver Napoleon hat, set very much awry through emotional excitement—into a chair, enlivened the situation by "There's a home for little children," sung in a high treble, and very flat.

Meanwhile, I endeavoured to exhaust the blouse question, an absolutely hopeless task, however, before a stream that never ceases to supply irresistible novelties. For the ideal concoction of the net and lace blouse, Messrs. John Barker hold a special diploma. These are, if one may so say without being misunderstood, so un-shoppy. And that, by the way, is easily explained, since the models are all individual designs, and the materials whereof they are composed

A pretty application of the short waist (*Drawn by K. Pleydel Young*)

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Christmas Presents.

FANCY DEPARTMENT.

Fans. A very choice collection of Spangled, Empire, and Ostrich Fans, from 5*s.* to 5 Guineas.

Evening Bags, mounted or to draw. A very large assortment in Spangled, Empire, or Hand-painted, from 4*s.* 6*d.* to 63*s.* each.

Work-bags. The new shape, with ring handles, made from our own Silks, from 13*s.* 6*d.* each; also Tapestry Work-bags to draw, from 10*s.* 6*d.* each.

Leather Wrist-bags. All the latest makes in the newest colourings, from 4*s.* 6*d.* to 65*s.* each; those fitted with Watches are guaranteed.

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Combs. In French Horn or Real Shell, plain or mounted, most artistic designs. Sets from 10*s.* 6*d.*; Back Combs from 7*s.* 6*d.* each.

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16½ ins. high, price ***19/6***
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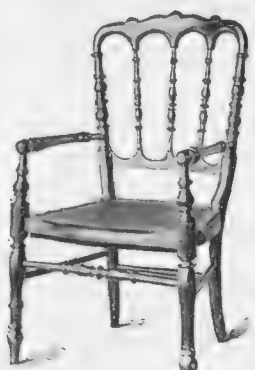

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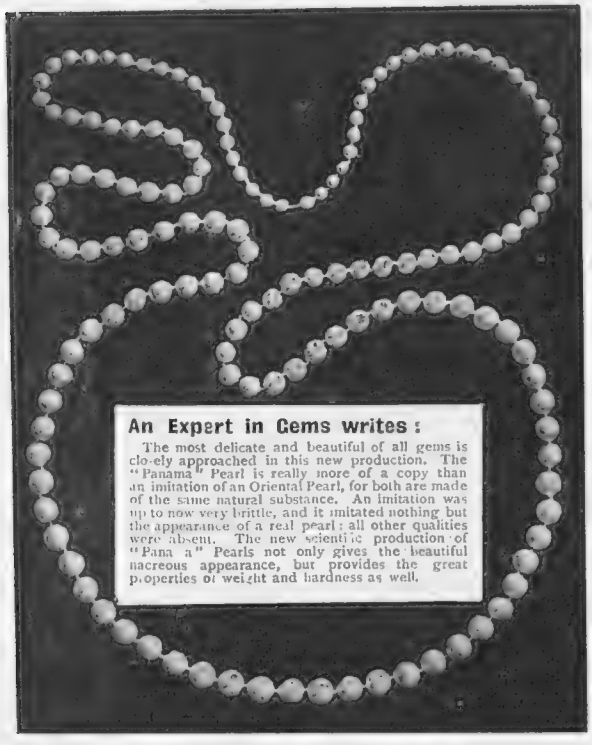

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Some Blouses for Christmas

purchased in immense quantities and under exceptional circumstances. But one could talk round this attractive subject for all time, and not be as illuminative as the four adjoined pictures of models picked out as suggestive Christmas offerings. Although differing widely in style and character, all these come out at the same price of 21*s.* 9*d.*

Chiefly of net is the blouse to the left of the group, entitled the "Langley," the bolero of Paris tinted lace netting, a gauged front trimmed lace insertion and ribbon. Quite remarkably effective is the disposal of *guipure* medallions, forming a yoke to a blouse of tinted lace that is further carried out of the realms of the ordinary by quantities of tiny frills of kilted net. The "Dorothea" is a fascinatingly *chic*, neat arrangement of Paris spot net, the finely tucked chemisette defined by a threading of soft ribbon. "The May" is fashioned of ecru ring-spot net, falling full from a round yoke of lace insertion and edging, ornamented with tiny silk buttons. And all these confections, be it said, are lined through with chiffon, and are cut in accordance with the first sartorial laws, and finished beyond reproach. So, with joy in my heart at having discovered at least one Christmas ideal for a number of youthful feminine cases, I cheerfully removed one serious item of noise in my small hymn-singing coadjutor.

The Song of the Sewing Machine

It is well sometimes to recall the old-time poem, "Stitch, stitch, stitch," obsolete though it may seem on the surface, if only to remind ourselves of the happier days that now prevail through the aid of the sewing machine. Those whose livelihood depend on the possession of accurately working machines talk enthusiastically of the improvements that have been made during the past decade, the smoothness of running, quietness, reliability, etc., having been brought to a particularly fine state of perfection. In the case of the Willcox and Gibbs' machine, noiselessness is pre-eminently a first feature, and because of the automatic tenston, especially easy to work. The elasticity of this tension, on both light and heavy fabrics, renders the machine especially valuable to the home worker, who is never expected to be as *au fait* as the expert with the mechanism, simple though that is, of a sewing machine. The altering of a tension has frequently caused endless worry and anxiety to the inexperienced, who otherwise was well able to cope with the necessary niceties, and that is quite done away with in the machine under discussion. After running a steady course for nearly fifty years, the Willcox and Gibbs' machine is as much in request as ever.

A Survey Round Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road

That Christmas comes but once a year is a device that inspires one to silent praise and thanksgiving after a visit to Tottenham House. For seeing is spending there. Also, before the experience of a personal visit, much time and energy may be spared by a previous perusal of the two exhaustive catalogues, prepared exclusively in view of the festive season. And, incidentally, let me say that, when quoting from these catalogues for a postal purchase, a mention of this paper will ensure interested and prompt attention.

A cheery Christmassy spirit pervades the whole establishment, and from the entrance, where gloves and chiffons, always so dear to the feminine heart, on through the fancy department and upstairs to the toy bazaar, the verb "to spend" is conjugated with ease and infinite dexterity. To say that the fancy department teems with temptations is to give but the feeblest idea of the wealth of choice—just one of a thing is the exception rather than the rule; a fine discerning understanding of the cavilling spirit that invariably wakes up about Christmas-time, devising undreamt-of little varying details applied to the same

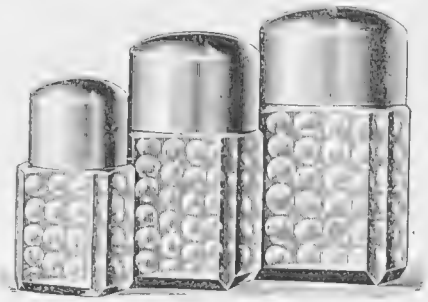
Some attractive models for Christmas wear seen at John Barker's, Kensington

Seen at Shoolbred's

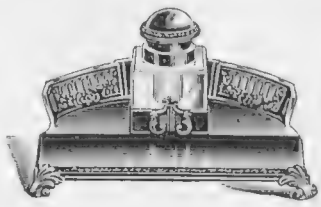
article. The firm have not only bought an unrivalled supply of stores for Christmas, but have used a most commendable discretion in the selection. Nor have they made the fatal mistake of rushing unduly after novelties to the neglect of annually recurring needs of a familiar order. The reticule bag has come to stay; therefore have Messrs. Shoolbred put their very soul into the providing of styles most likely to find favour. There is a new pleated leather bag, that promises to secure an early success, while for ordinary use there is nothing to surpass an illustrated example—to wit, a crocodile calf double pocket bag, which is to be had in two sizes.

Practically everywhere this season do we find the travelling jewel box in significant array, one surmises by reason of the augmented *bijouterie* possessions it is now deemed necessary to possess. And at Tottenham House there is quite an embarrassment of riches in this way, the instance illustrated revealing an exceptionally flat form of case, arranged in roan leather, and in three sizes. A decorative art initial inkstand, at 6*s.* 6*d.*, needs small applause; its services speak for themselves, and is an item that serves to illustrates the frequency with which a useful gift is deliberately overlooked for some silly, senseless novelty. The three salt bottles shown are silver mounted, and respectively 3*s.* 6*d.*, 6*s.*, and 9*s.* each.

Refreshingly traditional is the children's section—glittering decorations, musical boxes, the more modern gramophone, an entire railway system or systems, fortress strongholds to delight the heart of the embryo soldier, and a practical St. George signal instruction that might, perchance, under the misguiding aspect of a toy, lead to a slight educational purpose. Shoolbred's, moreover, never fail to supply exhaustively the requirements of the Christmas tree, tradition riding a riot in fascinating tinselly oranments, crackers, and the like joys that, let fashion come and go as it likes, will go on for ever.

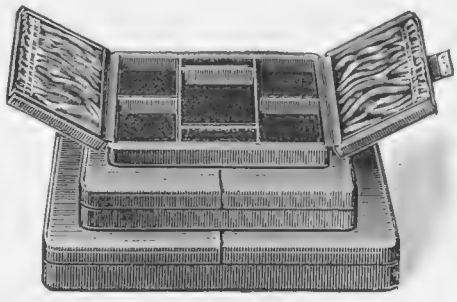


Three silver-mounted salt bottles



An art initial inkstand

A crocodile calf double pocket bag



Three flat-shaped jewel cases in roan leather

AT MESSRS. SHOOLBRED'S, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD

An Original Design

Of all the uses to which this exhaustively worn style is put, there is nothing more applicable than a young girl's dance dress, and since I am talking so much about shops and shopping in the rest of my pages this week, it may interest them to have Miss Pleydel Young's original design. A fancy Greek-patterned net is requisitioned, and this is tastefully arranged about the hem of the skirt in festooned flounces, that somewhat recall the Second Empire—but in such ingenious manner are periods now daringly mingled. At the summit comes a drapery of chiffon, caught through small wreaths of roses, just tipped with pink, a note of colour to the white gown repeated delicately in the sash of *chêne* silk. To steady the hem of the skirt, and also the flounce, a fold of white ninon occurs in both instances; and notice may be taken of the length of the skirt, which is as long as is now deemed comfortable and practical for the encroaching inroads of the two-step, a dance that just now epitomises everything of the best in the pursuit that is aptly described as the poetry of motion.

Brigg and Sons, 23, St. James's Street

It is curious that an umbrella can be at once such an every-day, humdrum affair, and, under the auspices of Messrs. Brigg, the leading umbrella and stick exponents in the Universe, a thing, not only of beauty, but a joy so rich and rare as to last for all time. Specialising exclusively in sticks, umbrellas, and whips, Messrs. Brigg have made their name famous the world over, but, to appreciate adequately the extraordinary possibilities that prevail in this apparently restricted area, one must pay a personal visit to St. James's Street, or, if perchance your domicile be Paris, to 33, Avenue de l'Opéra, where a story such as one scarcely dreams of, in the highest flights of fancy is unfolded.

As design after design of umbrella handles of richest workmanship, frequently enhanced by jewels, is opened up for inspection, one seems to touch the *ne plus ultra* in this regard. A fancy of exquisite *genre* is a delicately shaped mount of dark green jade, on which is worked in relief a tiny leaf design in green gold on a groundwork of red gold, picked out with ruby and diamonds. This, disposed in a case with the customary gold spokes, has the luxurious gift-note writ large all over it. Another unique example is a trumpet shape in dull 18-carat gold, the top inset with one huge pearl blister, outlined by a crescent disposal of olivines. Less extravagantly rich, but exceedingly chaste and beautiful, is the photographed handle, formed of a long stem of tortoise-shell enriched with frosted gold; outlined by minute bands of white enamel, a diamond scroll design with ruby points effecting an artistic finish. The practical feature of this is, that it is made to unscrew, so that the remaining portion of a full-sized umbrella or parasol can be easily packed away in an ordinary trunk. This procedure of screwing, however, is an old story with Brigg, who has, within comparatively recent days, improved on the process, sunshade handles being now made adjustable to the very tip of the spokes.

Living, as is their way, with both ears to the ground, this firm have been the first to catch the revived fancy for carrying evening canes. It is a quaint, picturesque conceit enough, and the lords of the creation may be heartily congratulated on their discrimination in again falling under its influence. Malacca is chiefly responsible for these evening canes, and Messrs. Brigg are bringing all the battery of their fine artistic taste to bear on a decoration that is at once tasteful and unaggressive. A feature, that may also be introduced, if desired, to intensify the old-world appearance, is the silk cord and tassels, the former threaded through gold eyelet-holes. But the best idea, perhaps,

PETER ROBINSON, LTD.
252-264, REGENT ST., W.

HANDSOME XMAS GIFT

TELEPHONE: 2668 GERRARD.

Write for Catalogue of Novelties suitable for Presents.

TELEGRAMS: PETER ROBINSON, 256, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

R. S. LEIPSIC.

Real **Russian Sable Stoles,** made of four very fine Skins and six Russian Sable Tails. Extraordinary Value.

Price 11 Guineas.

Flat Muffs to match, with Tails and Paws worked at bottom.

Price 10½ Guineas.

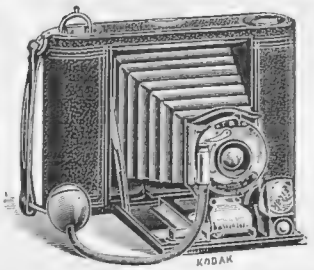
The Most Sensible

XMAS or NEW YEAR GIFT

One that will be appreciated by young and old alike.

A KODAK

Prices: 5s. to £8.



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NO DARK ROOM IS REQUIRED,

loading and changing, developing and printing being done in daylight.

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London, E.C., 96, Bold Street, Liverpool; 72-74, Buchanan Street, Glasgow; 59, Brompton Road, S.W.; 60, Cheapside, E.C.; 115, Oxford Street, W.; 171-173, Regent Street, W.; 40, Strand, London, W.C., and all Dealers.

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For Buns, Scones, Pastry & Tea Cakes. Reliable, Economical.

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SPECIALISTS IN FANCY GEMS.

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A Large Selection of
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SAPPHIRES OF DIFFERENT COLOURS, etc.

In Constant Use for 90 years.

The Best Then, the Best Now.

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S Oriental Tooth Paste.

TUBES, 1/- POTS, 1/6 & 2/6.

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HOTEL METROPOLE.

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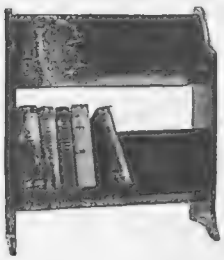
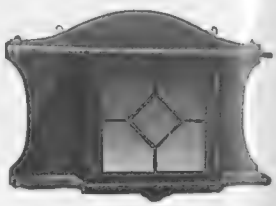
Suitable for Christmas Gifts.

MODERATE PRICES.



USEFUL TABLE BOOK STAND, 13/6



A PRETTY SHERATON HANGING CABINET, 55/-

Special Catalogue Post Free.

AN ATTRACTIVE MAHOGANY INLAID HAMLET STOOL, 55/-

PRETTY MAHOGANY CAKE STAND, 23/6

WELL-MADE INLAID OAK SUTHERLAND TABLE, 25/6

A GRACEFUL INLAID MAHOGANY TABLE, 17/6

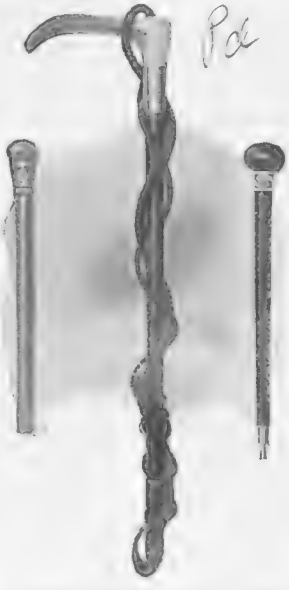
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

Purses and Perfumes

will be gained by a glance at the adjoined illustration of an almost white Malacca cane with top of delicate chased gold. As a Yuletide gift for *difficile* man, let me commend these evening canes with all emphasis, and thereby uphold the protest, *cherchez la femme*, where a small extravagance is concerned.

For the remaining item of the pictured trio, there is offered the season's fad in hunting-crops, a short, thick concern, entirely covered in pigskin, completed by the usual thong. There is a very rage for these, and Messrs. Brigg, with keen perceptions well on the alert, provided early for the onslaught that has most indubitably arrived. Though, when it comes to talking about the utilitarian virtues of pigskin as applied to sticks, crops, and umbrella handles, I am reminded that time and space are alike failing me, so away with temptations and to the fore with an earnest assurance that all in quest of the supreme in all that pertains to the above will find the highest expectations realised at 23, St. James's Street.

The Duodrop earring
AT MACMICHAEL'S, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET



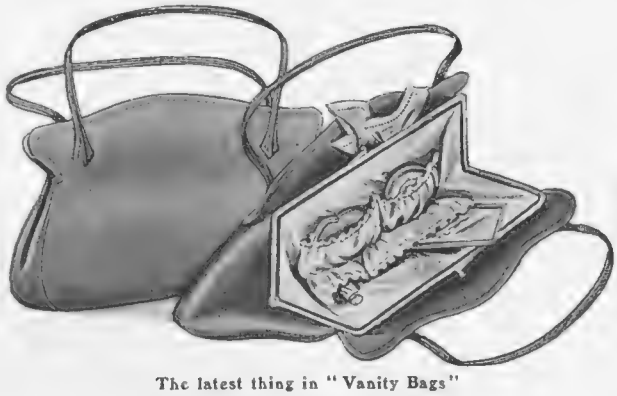
A tortoise-shell umbrella handle with frosted gold mount, a Malacca cane with gold top, and gold-mounted pigskin crop
FROM BRIGG AND SONS, ST. JAMES'S STREET

A Sweet-scented Christmas

In looking for a suitable present for Christmas, there is nothing upon which the giver may be so certain of a glad acceptance than a box of Eau de Cologne. It should be particularly noticed that it is "4711 Eau de Cologne," as this is the purest and best that can be purchased. "4711 Eau de Cologne" can be obtained of all dealers in high-class perfumes throughout the world, but where there is any difficulty in obtaining it, R. J. Reuter, Well Street, Cripplegate, will gladly send the name of the nearest agent. "4711 Eau de Cologne" is now supplied in a dainty wooden box containing six bottles, bearing the famous hall-mark on the original blue and gold label, at 12*s.* 6*d.* For a really delightful, useful, and dainty Christmas present there can be nothing so suitable as "4711 Eau de Cologne."

Lubin Perfumes

A really artistically blended scent is worth knowing about, and our readers wanting something choice and delicate will do well to procure some of Lubin's perfumes. Of course, everyone who knows his Paris is acquainted with the elegant shop at 11, Rue Royale. Before purchasing perfumes and toilet preparation elsewhere he will do well to write to the firm for full particulars of small and pretty boxes containing an assortment of its preparations. It may be worth while to draw special attention to their sachet of Enigma to be placed in drawers of clothes, etc. Other preparations are Eau de Toilette and Savonà de Toilette.



The latest thing in "Vanity Bags"
SEEN AT PETER ROBINSON'S

Model Engines

What man is there who has not in his young days wanted to be an engine-driver? Well, then, let fathers and uncles remember this fact in buying Christmas presents for their sons and nephews, and at the same time keep the name of Messrs. Bassett-Lowke, of Northampton, in mind, for this firm are the biggest model engineers of the day. They manufacture every conceivable description of model engine and railway accessory, to go either by steam or clockwork, and no boy will fail to appreciate any model selected from their catalogue.

Peter Robinson's, Regent Street

Before personally exploring the well-stocked fount of Christmas offerings revealed at Messrs. Peter Robinson's, Regent Street, much valuable time would again be saved, and immeasurable pleasure acquired, by a perusal of their capitally compiled and illustrated catalogue, which positively teems with brilliant suggestions suitable to all tastes and purses. To country customers, moreover, it carries the further welcome announcement that all goods are sent carriage free to all parts of the United Kingdom or Channel Islands, a generous proviso that does much to mitigate the inconvenience of the hundreds of would-be buyers compelled to do their shopping by post. This dainty little booklet is supplied free of charge to all, and in addition to the above-described facilities it affords to country people, is positively a liberal education in ideas to those who contemplate a personal investigation of the materialised charms.

It is food for much thought how Messrs. Peter Robinson contrive to bring together so comprehensive a display without striking one false or jarring note in the whole *galère*. The most perfect taste and discretion has been exercised throughout, to the end that, in making selection here, universal satisfaction is bound to ensue. A pretty little novelty, and one that speaks eloquently for the fastidious spirit of the age, is a silver-mounted child's toilet set, comprising soft brush, silver-topped powder boxes, and comb, in neat, compact case, bearing the magic words, "For Baby," in the lid, and the price is only 15*s.* 6*d.*

In purse-bags and reticules there is prolific choice, some of quite simple character, and others replete with all sorts of natty and useful addenda. Particularly is this the case with the two examples selected for pictured expression here, the one representing the latest thing in Vanity bags, fitted with small mirror, powder-puff, scent-bottle, etc., together with an outside pocket for the reception of the dainty handkerchief. While the other sketch depicts the attractions of a handy little automobile bag, fitted with the usual travelling requisites and purse, the latter conveniently placed on the outside. Another delightful gift comes in the form of a theatre bag, supplied with watch, opera-glasses, scent-bottle, mirror, and puff, and last, but by no means least, a fan ingeniously devised to fit into the somewhat limited alloted space.

Manicure and dressing cases, writing cases and boards, with their usual complements of blotter, inkstand, and the like, positively abound, together with pigskin-covered flasks and antelope tobacco-pouches, that appeal with particular persuasion

Furniture and Model Locomotives

Two artistic and comfortable chairs
SEEN AT SHOOLBRED'S

to the critical male sense, as does also a travelling shirtcase, arranged with flaps supplied with pockets for the convenience of ties, gloves, and handkerchiefs, altogether a compact, handy receptacle, peculiarly well adapted to the motorist, who, by the way, is finding his numerous and ever-increasing wants studiously considered in every respect at this wonderful Christmas Bazaar of Messrs. Peter Robinson.

Bijouterie, fancy combs, gloves, stockings, handkerchiefs, and belts, are one and all called to add their quota to the fascinating story, so that whatever be the desire, it is more than ably supplied here, as all must agree who pause to investigate the myriads of acceptable offerings on view.

A mahoghany bureau price 70s.
AT SHOOLBRED'S

Macmichael, 48, South Audley Street

By a gradual process, that no amount of watching can discern, the earring has secured an appreciable recognition again. Its presence affords an indescribable *chic* to the simplest toilette, and there seems an unwritten law that pearls shall reign supreme for the purpose. For the moneyed few, of course, remain the enjoyment of the pearl of purest order, but thanks, once again, to the clever little Japs, we have a cultured pearl that, for durability and weight, cannot be detected from the rare variety. The process whereby this cultivated pearl is arrived at is immensely interesting, live oysters being brought into the scheme, a crop being laid by four years for maturity. And among the first to take up this production was Macmichael, whose catalogue, which I have to hand, reveals a most persuasive array of pearl ornaments, a large portion of the space being allotted to earrings.

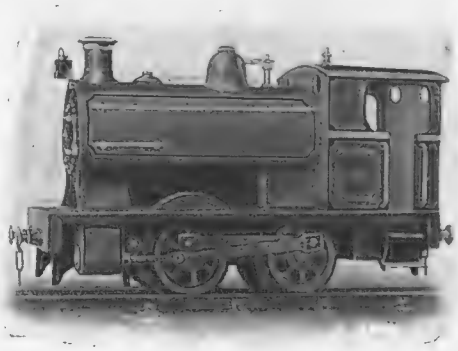
The Duodrop Earring illustrated is a most taking novelty, the contrasting stones weighting the ends of chains, varying according to taste and fancy. It is possible to have the Duodrop either for pierced or unpierced ears, while the general appearance catches the eye pleasantly enough, and gives pause to a long consideration as to its early acquisition. But Macmichael's is a treasure mine for dainty notions, and is an exclusive *atelier* following closely in the wake of the renowned Rue de la Paix, where one is frequently tempted to pay twice as much as would be asked for identically the same article at Macmichael's. Much, too, that is wholly original being found there. Quite an exhaustive amount of attention is given to presents suitable for the sterner sex, of which the Suéde tobacco pipe case (pictured on another page) serves as a single instance. Supplied with mounted pipe, this comes out in the smallest size at 10*s.* 6*d*, a 6 in. by 4 in. 12*s.* 6*d.*; the small pocket is intended for matches. Those searching wearily for something really original in writing sets should see Macmichael's Boule work in Louis XIV. style. Also, for a like purpose, there are some simply delightful reproductions of old Valenciennes china, with gilt mounts, and at prices extraordinarily low, taking into consideration the genuine worth of the work. Some reproductions of Old Brittany ware are quaint beyond description, and include a three-bottle scent stand, set in oxidized silver, studded with pink crystal, the characteristic embellishment of Brittany *bijouterie*. Macmichael's fresh novelty list is now issued, and its consultation can serve but one end, namely, that of a most illuminative choice.

Useful Furniture

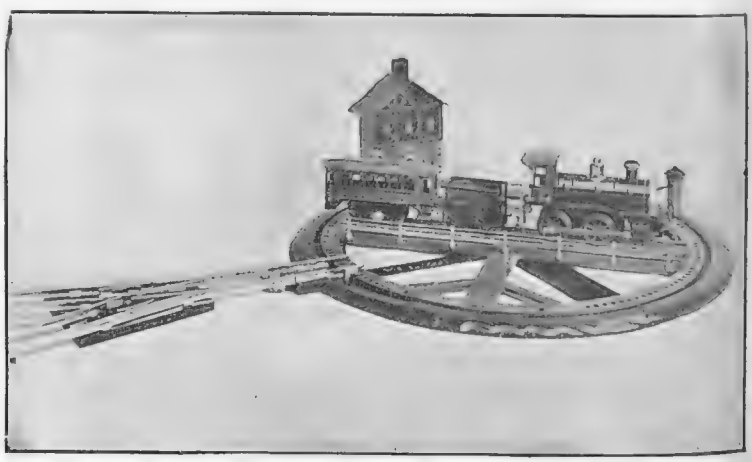
To many ladies flagging in the fray of 'Xmas shopping will a run through the art and furnitnre departments at Shoolbred's serve the end of awakening fresh interest and inspiration. Here are to be found such eminently useful and sufficing gifts as the mahogany bureau, shown in illustration. And 70s. is an exceedingly moderate price. Or there is that comfortable occasional chair of inlaid mahogany, with upholstered seat. And a tapestry easy chair, of quaint, artistic shape that would fall into almost any scheme of furnishing.

Our Supplement

We think our readers will agree that our Coloured Supplement, "The Smartest Girl in the County," presented with this Number is something brighter, better, and more worth keeping than the ordinary insipid supplement given away with Christmas numbers, and is eminently suited as a bright picture for billiard or smoking room.



A model "Peckett" engine, running by clockwork
Constructed by Messrs. BASSETT-LOWKE



A model railway locomotive and turntable
AT GAMAGE'S XMAS BAZAAR

HAMPTONS

are now displaying a very large selection of

Tasteful and Refined Furniture,

specially suitable for

Xmas Gifts.

Hamptons' "REYNOLDS" Easy Chair
Upholstered all Hair, in Tapestry, 47/6

EASY CHAIRS AND
SETTEES,
OCCASIONAL TABLES,
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Hamptons' "MORLAND" Easy Chair
Upholstered all Hair, in Tapestry, 68/6

For many other Illustrations of Easy Chairs and Settees, see Catalogue S 501, sent free.

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Crêpe de Chine Slips
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THE "ILEENE"
DAINTY SLIP, made of good quality Crêpe, and Sleeves lined with Chiffon, Yoke of Fine Lace appliqued with Guipure Medallions, pretty Elbow Sleeve, with two lace-edged Frills. Price **12/9**

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A range of various Patterns will be sent on approbation is desired upon receipt of deposit, or a Banker's or London Firm's reference.

Illustrations taken from OUR NEW BLOUSE CATALOGUE which can be had POST FREE on Application.

THE "CROFORD"
DAINTY PARIS COLOUR SPOT NET SLIP, with Yoke of bébé Ribbon, Hairpin Work, and handsome Guipure Medallions. This Slip can be had with Yoke of Ivory or any Colour, and is lined through with Chiffon. Price **14/9**

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Royal Dutch

COCOA

Has no equal for
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You save
ONE HALF your COCOA
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The Celebrated Effectual Cure without internal Medicine.

COPY OF AN ORDER RECEIVED.

"Baroness Meltzing requests Messrs. Edwards to despatch six bottles of Roche's Herbal Embrocation, used for children having Hooping-Cough, to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland. —Penzing, Vienna.—24th March, 1889."

The above order was repeated 1894, 1899, 1903, and 1905.

Sold by all Chemists throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and abroad. **Price 4s. per Bottle.** *Sole Wholesale Agents—*
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YOU ARE WORRIED ABOUT YOUR HAIR

because it is thin and is falling out. You know that the ultimate end must mean baldness. You are looking for something to prevent this, but are in despair because the tonics, lotions, and various drugs you have already tried were worse than useless and your money wasted.

We have published a book which contains all the practical knowledge with reference to the improvement and culture of the hair. It explains why your hair has become thin and is falling out. It also gives full details of the remedy we offer you to prevent this. The remedy is the

EVANS VACUUM CAP

a practical invention constructed on scientific and hygienic principles. By this simple means a free and normal circulation is restored throughout the scalp. To rejuvenate the life-giving principles of hair growth within the follicles (hair roots) which have become dormant, it is necessary to stimulate to activity the minute channels whereby the blood is gently drawn to the hair roots. The Vacuum method is the only remedy to effect this condition. It is free from irritation, and is the only process by which the circulation is brought about without resorting to various forms of harmful, irritating substances and lotions. It is only necessary to wear the Cap three or four minutes daily, and the effects are quickly seen in a healthy, vigorous growth of hair.

THE MEDICAL FRATERNITY give the EVANS VACUUM CAP THEIR HIGHEST APPROVAL.

The eminent Dr. I. N. Love, in his address to the Medical Board on the subject of Alopæcia (loss of hair), stated THAT IF A MEANS COULD BE DEVISED TO BRING NUTRITION TO THE HAIR FOLLICLES (HAIR ROOTS), WITHOUT RESORTING TO ANY IRRITATING PROCESS, THE PROBLEM OF HAIR GROWTH WOULD BE SOLVED. Later on, when the EVANS VACUUM CAP was submitted to him for inspection, he remarked THAT THE CAP WOULD FULFIL AND CONFIRM IN PRACTICE THE OBSERVATIONS HE HAD PREVIOUSLY MADE BEFORE THE MEDICAL BOARD.

Dr. W. Moore, referring to the invention says:—"THE PRINCIPLE UPON WHICH THE EVANS VACUUM CAP IS FOUNDED IS ABSOLUTELY CORRECT AND INDISPUTABLE."

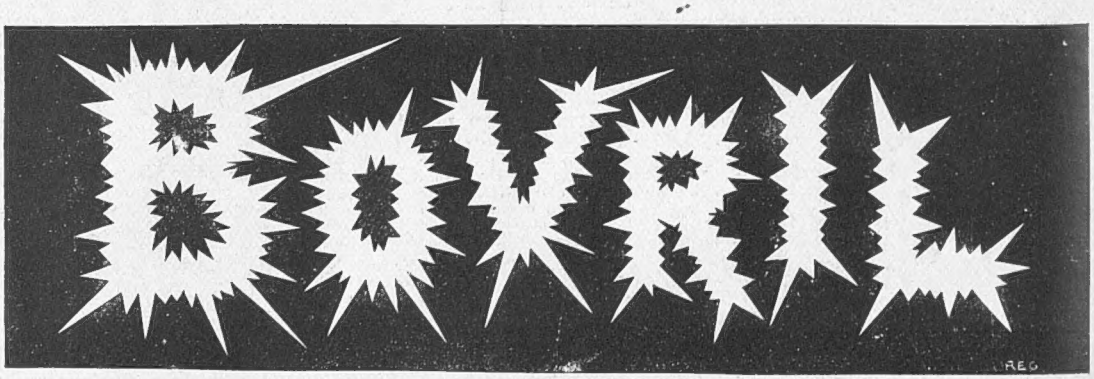
60 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

THE COMPANY'S GUARANTEE.

An Evans Vacuum Cap will be sent you for sixty days' free trial. If you do not see a gradual development of a new growth of hair, and are not convinced that the Cap will completely restore your hair, you are at liberty to return the Cap, with no expense whatever to yourself. It is requested, as an evidence of good faith, that the price of the Cap be deposited with the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit Company, of London, the largest financial and business institution of the kind in the world, who will issue a receipt guaranteeing that the money will be returned in full, on demand, without questions or comment, at any time during the trial period.

An Illustrated and Descriptive Book of the Evans Vacuum Cap will be sent post free on application.

Manager British Dept., **EVANS VACUUM CAP CO., Ltd.,**
Regent House, Regent Street, London, W.



Wards off Colds, Chills, and Influenza.

THE SMARTEST GIRL IN THE COUNTY!

DRAWN BY C. CLARK